

MAY 18 1943

# OWLS IN THE HOUSE COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday

APRIL 23, 1943

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE



APRIL EVENING: VALE OF GRASMERE

J. Hardman

## CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

1/6 per line Personal 2/- (Min. 3 lines.)

## PERSONAL

**ADVANTAGEOUS** to Executors, Trustees, and Private Owners. Very GOOD PRICES ASSURED for Antique and Modern Household Furniture, Silver, Jewellery, Pictures, Books, Porcelain, etc., at the weekly Auction Sales of PHILIPS, SON & NEALE, 7, Blenheim Street, New Bond Street (Established 1796). (Sales of the above property can also be promptly arranged by private treaty). Tel.: Mayfair 2424. Ref. W.T.L. Auction announcements, Daily Telegraph every Monday, The Times every Tuesday.

**ASPREY'S**, 166, New Bond Street, W.1, are prepared to purchase for cash the following Diamond and Gem set Jewellery:—Clip and Double Clip Brooches, Bracelets, Rings, Clip Earrings, and Spray Brooches.

**ACTIONS**. Big Demand and Keen Competition means highest prices obtained for FURS, WEARING APPAREL, LINEN at sales by Auction. Sales held each week. Consult the Auctioneers of 130 years' standing. DEBENHAM, STORR & SONS, LTD., Auctioneers and Valuers, 26, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2. Tel.: Temple Bar 1181-2.

**ABOUT RAPIDISM**. . . ARE YOU HANDICAPPED by shortcomings in personal relations? Are you a poor mixer? Do you find it hard to win friends? If so, you need RAPIDISM, unique system of scientific personality regeneration.—Write now for free Booklet to THE RAPIDISM INSTITUTE, 985, TUITION HOUSE, London, S.W.19.

**BAXTER, LE BLOND (OVAL) PRINTS** and Books disposal Exhibition-state Collection. Rare and early specimens depicting old rural England, etc. Particulars upon application.—Box 353.

**CLIMBING BOOTS**, rucksacks, books on climbing, Leica camera. No dealers. Property of famous mountaineer.—46 Popes Av., Twickenham.

**CLOTHING WANTED**, also for SALE or HIRE. Suits, Riding Kit, Boots, Furs, Binoculars, Cameras, Trunks, Sporting Guns, Fishing Tackle, Furniture, Linen. CASH for parcels. All-British Firm. Established 25 years.—GORDON GIBSON AND CO., 131 and 141, Edgware Road, Marble Arch, Padd. 3776 and 3808.

**DIAMONDS, JEWELS, GOLD, ANTIQUE AND MODERN SILVER**, etc. Competitive bidding brings high prices at our Auction Sales, and we strongly advise you consult MESSRS. JOHNSON DYMOND & SON, LTD. (Est. 1793), 24-25, Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, before parting with your valuables. Sales held weekly. Advice gratis.

**DIAMONDS, JEWELS, GOLD, EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES, ANTIQUE AND MODERN SILVER PLATE, ETC.**, urgently required for Export. Highest cash prices. The best buyers in the Country are BENTLEY & CO., 65, New Bond Street (facing Brook Street), W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 0651.

**DON'T BUY NEW** when you can have your old shirts, ties, etc., repaired as new without coupons. "Trubensic" collars made. Details from RESARTUS, Dept. 5, 183/9, Queensway, London, W.2.

**FARM MANAGER**, fully qualified in all branches, wishes to hear of farm managership in South of England. First-class references given and required.—Box 352.

**FINE COKE** (Breeze), for steam raising. U/F stokers, greenhouse boilers, etc., 19/6 ton at works. Trucks any station. 8,000 tons released.—Box 205.

**GOLD**, Silver, Diamonds, Jewellery, convert into cash NOW while prices are high. Registered parcels receive same attention as personal transactions.—HARRIS LTD., London, S.W.1. Sloane 1224.

**JACK BARCLAY, LTD.** A wonderful investment, a ROLL-ROYCE or BENTLEY car of pre-war workmanship and material. Send 1d. stamp (Paper Control requirements) for Comprehensive Stock List, 12 and 13, St. George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1. Mayfair 7444.

**LEICA** and Contax Cameras wanted for R.A.F. Other Cameras, Enlargers, Cinecameras, Projectors, Microscopes, Prism Binoculars, Drawing Instruments wanted. Top prices. WALLACE HEATON Ltd., 127, New Bond Street, London, W.1. (May 7511), 47, Berkeley Street, 166, Victoria Street, or "City Sale" City Branches.

**LEICA**, latest model, for sale. Perfect condition. Hardly used. Best offer secured.—Box 355.

**MINIATURES**. Treasured Memories. Exquisitely painted from any photograph, from 3 gns. Old miniatures perfectly restored.—VALERIE SERIES, 24, Durham Road, Wimbledon S.W.20. Wilm. 5448. Est. 1760.

**MINK COAT**. GOOD second-hand mink coat wanted.—Box 330.

**MONOMARK**. Permanent confidential London address. Letters redirected immediately. 5/- p.a. Royal patronage. Write BM/MONARK, W.C.1.

**NURSE OLLIVER**. Colonic lavage, insomnia, colds, obesity, headaches, indigestion. Tel.: Mayfair 1085.

**PERIOD PORTRAITS** of Mrs. Martha Washington and Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Genuine and very fine. For private sale.—Box 351.

**SALMON ROD** for sale. Length, 15 feet; weight, 5 lbs. Two top joints. £7.—G. P. Paradise House, Painswick, Glos.

**SUNLIGHT** and Foam Baths, Massage, Colonic. Lavage, are invaluable in cases of rheumatism, catarrh, and general debility.—MRS. GORDON, 39, Cumberland Court, Marble Arch, W.1. (Amb. 2675).

**ARE YOU INTERESTED** in evidence of survival after death? Evidence of Survival may be found to-day. Help in study is offered at the LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE. Send 8d. for booklet for inquirers, 16, Queensbury Place, London, S.W.7.

**AVOID** furs tortured to death in traps.—Write for Fur Crusade leaflet, which tells you of humane furs, from MAJOR VAN DER BYL, Wapenham, Towcester.

**HAVE YOU COCKROACHES?** Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE. "Successfully used world over. Extermination guaranteed. Chemists, Boots' Branches. Sole makers: HOWARTH'S, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield 3. Tins 19/8, 2/10, 5/-.

## PERSONAL

**THOMAS & SONS**, knickerbocker breeches can be made satisfactorily from self measurements. Forms and patterns of cloth will be sent on application, 5, Carlos Place, Grosvenor Sq., W.1

**WARING & GILLLOW** are glad to buy high-grade Furs, Sterling Silver Table Ware, China and Glass in good condition—Oxford Street, W.1.

**WATCHES WANTED**. New, old, disused, or out-of-order. Top prices paid. Send registered. Cash or offer by return.—KAY'S (C.L.), 19, Hopwood Avenue, Manchester 4.

**WATCHES**. Clocks, Jewellery, Gramophones, etc. QUICKLY REPAIRED by experienced workmen. Reasonable prices.—HUGHES (Ground Floor), 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. (Tel.: Victoria 0134.)

**WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY GIFTS**! Visitors to London should see the superb stock of Antique Furniture, Glass and China at THE GENERAL TRADING CO. (MAYFAIR), LTD., 1, 3 and 5, Grantham Place, Park Lane, London, W.1.

## FASHION AND BEAUTY

**COIFFURE**.—An enchanting "CORONET OF CURLS," with its tonic effect upon your personality, will do much to remove an inferiority complex! Instantly adjusted with less trouble than putting on your hat! Invaluable when you are unable to visit your hairdresser. All-round Coronet from 7 gns., half-coronet from 5 gns. (A pattern of your hair will enable me to quote you the exact cost).

**MONSIEUR GEORGES BARRANGER**, PREMIER (FRANCE) FRENCH POSTICHEUR, MAISON GEORGES, 38/40, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1 (only address)

Telephone: Victoria 5943 (appointments) Victoria 5944 (offices and general).

**FURS**. Good Furs bought and sold. Also repairs and remodels: finest workmanship.—RALLI FURS, Regent House, 235, Regent Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 2325/6.

**FURS**. Persian Lamb Coat in fine condition for sale at £35.—Write Box 308.

**MINK COAT**. Particularly attractive model at bargain price. £175.—Write Box 307.

**MINK COAT**, second-hand, required. Please state price.—Phone: Regent 0574.

**NO COUPONS**! New Frocks for old. Expert remodelling. Ladies' own materials made up.—BETTY DAWSON, 127, Oxford Street, W.1. Gerrard 5178.

**REMODELLED** or Repaired. Bring your Old Garments to DOROTHY PAUL, 11a, Kensington Church Street, W.8 (nr. High Street). Wes. 2346

**REMODELLING**. SAVE MONEY. EVA RITCHER makes OLD HATS NEW, at 4, Berkeley Street, W.1. Tel.: MAY. 1651.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR**, moles and warts permanently removed by the latest electrical treatment. Special quick method for arms and legs. Experienced specialist, MRS. H. NATHAN, wartime address: 1 Dallas Road, Hanger Hill, Ealing, W.5. (Park Royal Station). Perivale 1771.

**THE FASHION CIRCLE DRESS AGENCY**. GOOD clothes bought and sold. Room 27, 55 Berners Street, W.1. Museum 2273.

## FOR SALE

**CARAVAN**, 2-Berth 4-Wheeler. Built special design for present owner, 1940. Spacious, well equipped and fully furnished. Condition perfect. Price £300.—CAPTAIN LANCE, Attara, Oak Way, Reigate. Telephone: Redhill 2317.

**ENVELOPES** (envelope and notepaper in one piece), handiest stationery known; available in packets, 7 for 10/- post free from G. SWAIN, BCM/PO4, London, W.C.1.

**GUN**, good quality 12b. under and over Ejector, 6 1/2 lbs.; twin cross bolt; Krupp steel barrels; nicely engraved and in perfect condition, and guaranteed. £80.—F. REECE, 19 New Buildings, Price Street, Birmingham, 4.

**HONEY FOR SALE**—1943 crop. Direct from Hutton Aply. Controlled price. C.W.O. Advance bookings now accepted. Post orders: carriage and packing extra.—Write, R. OWENS, 18, Tolsey Drive, Hutton, Preston, Lancs.

**LADIES' Suits** (regulation styles) in Country-side tweeds, made to measure from 14/5/- and 18 coupons. Satisfaction or cash and coupons refunded. Patterns post free.—REDMAYNE, 26, Wigton, Cumberland.

**LADIES' TWEEDS**, soft, lasting, 14/- yd., 56 in. wide. Write for patterns. DENHOLM TWEEDS & BLANKETS, Hawick, Roxburghshire.

**LIVE FRESH-WATER FISH** supplied. Rudd, Roach, Carp, Tench, Gudgeon, Weeds and Snails.—TROUT FISHERIES, St. Stambridge, Rochford, Essex.

**MOSS BROS. & CO., LTD.**, of COVENT GARDEN have for sale Naval, Military and R.A.F. Greencoats slightly worn at from 5 to 8 guineas, also Jackets and Slacks at the same price.

**STAMPS**! Early British Colonials.—Selections superb copies sent on approval to serious collectors. Terms 1/4 of cat. price. Also some Mint and superb used moderns.—"K." 6, Westhill Rd., S.W.18.

**TWEEDS**. Your favourite suit copied (nearest regulation style) in John Peel tweed, from 68/12/6 and 26 coupons. Satisfaction or money and coupons refunded. Patterns post free.—REDMAYNE, 26, Wigton, Cumberland.

**TWO BOTTLES** genuine French perfume and one Cologne. Particulars addressed envelope.—Box 356.

**WATER DIVING**. THE OASIS Pocket DIVING ROD. Anyone can use it. Price 10/6.—ARTS, Belcombe House, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

**WILD WHITE CLOVER SEED** for sale. Excellent sample grown from 100 per cent pure New Zealand Wild White Clover. 5/- per lb. in quantities up to 14 lbs. £20 per cwt. in cwt. lots.—COPO LTD., Cockayne Hatley, Pottton, Bedfordshire.

## HOTELS AND GUESTS

**BEDFORD**. SWAN HOTEL. First class comfort in beautiful surroundings, at a moderate price. Tel.: Bedford 2074 (Management). Tel.: Bedford 349111 (Visitors).

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**CHURCH STREETON** (HIGHLANDS OF SHROPSHIRE) THE HOTEL (Est. 1897). h. & c. all rooms. Own produce. Gardens, lawns, etc. Recommended by ASHLEY COURTENAY.

**CROWBOROUGH**. SUSSEX THE CREST HOTEL. Interprets the Dictionary definition of the word COMFORT "To cheer, revive, ease, quiet enjoyment, freedom from annoyance, a subject of satisfaction."

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**LANGRUIG** (near Llanidloes), Montgomeryshire. Black Lion Hotel. Modern. Central heating. Running water. 10 miles lovely trout fishing (some salmon) in Wye and Severn. 6,600 Acres shooting. Excellent cuisine and cellar.

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**MIDHURST**. SUSSEX THAT HISTORIC HOUSE

"THE SPREAD EAGLE,"

bids you welcome.

From 6 Gns.

Private Bathrooms.

ASHLEY COURTENAY RECOMMENDS

**NORTH DEVON**. Spiritual Rest Home and Retreat. Students also invited. Write for particulars. "Order of the New Day."—THE OLD VICARAGE, Peters Marland, nr. Torrington.

**SHROPSHIRE BORDERS**. Bishops Offley Manor. Especially for holidays and leave. Charming peaceful country. Own produce.—ECCLESALL, Stafoard (Adbaston 247).

**WESTWARDHO, NORTHAM**. "CLEVELANDS" (NORTH DEVON). Luxurious Country Club Hotel. Tel.: Northam 300.

**WINCHESTER**. ROYAL HOTEL. In old world St. Peter Street. Leading family hotel. Running water. Central heating. Facing own gardens. Very quiet. Garage.—Write for "C.L. Illustrated Tariff." Tel. 31.

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## GARDENING

MR. CUTHBERT'S GARDEN OFFERS

## TIME MARCHES ON

IT IS SAID that time and tide wait for no man. Certainly the gardener is not much concerned with the tide, but time is a very essential factor where gardeners are concerned. The cultivation must be done just at the right time if good results are to be achieved, and in times like these it is absolutely essential that we do get good results.

Do not delay, therefore; make out your programme and let work proceed according to plan. Remember the old gardeners' motto: "The sower never borrows from the late." The wisdom of this is obvious. If you should be unfortunate with your early sown seed, there is always time to replace it.

Talking of VEGETABLE SEEDS I would remind you that CUTHBERT'S FAMOUS VEGETABLE SEEDS, which have been the NATION'S CHOICE for over a century, are on sale at all WOOLWORTH STORES.

Over 100 varieties are available, including many new and unusual sorts which will add a piquancy to your wartime cooking. For the convenience of allotment holders, etc., CUTHBERT'S SEEDS are now available by weight.

## BEAUTIFUL CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Make the most of your restricted flower garden by growing only the best. Any gardener can grow the ordinary commonplace sorts, but here is a chance to obtain real magnificence and reflected in the highest awards from the Royal Horticultural Society.

I am offering a collection of 12 choice named sorts in many colours, including White, Pink, Yellow, etc. Fine, sturdy, early-flowering plants for outdoor growing, each separately labelled for 12/6 post paid.

## CUTHBERT'S "SENSATION"

Thousands of gardeners picked large crops of Tomatoes last year from CUTHBERT'S FAMOUS OUTDOOR TOMATO PLANTS. I am now booking orders for May delivery of this most prolific cropper.

CUTHBERT'S "SENSATION." If you want to make certain of a plentiful supply of this health-giving fruit, take my advice and send your order at once. Strong POT-GROWN PLANTS, 7/6 dozen, post 9/-; 3 dozen, 22/6, carriage paid.

## DO YOU LIKE MUSHROOMS?

Were it not for the fact that they are so expensive, I am sure Mushrooms would find a place on every table. There is no need to go without this succulent delicacy when you can grow your own supply with CUTHBERT'S PURE CULTURE MUSHROOM SPAWN. Don't compare my Spawn, which is scientifically produced in the laboratory, with any of the old types. Continuous and prolific crops of deliciously flavoured and perfectly shaped Mushrooms can be obtained quite easily in garden, yard, or shed.

A grower writes: "I've had hundreds of large Mushrooms." CUTHBERT'S MUSHROOM SPAWN is sold ready for use. Size 1, to cover a bed 25 sq. ft. 6/-; or for 50 sq. ft., 10/6; or you can obtain a generous packet of CUTHBERT'S SPAWN from any WOOLWORTH BRANCH, price 1/-.

MR. CUTHBERT, R. & G. CUTHBERT

The Nation's Nurseriesman since 1797

37, GOFF'S OAK, HERTS

By Appointment to H.M. the late King George V.

"DOLWYD DWARF BUSH" TOMATO plants begin a new era in tomato growing outdoors and under cloches. Send 1d. stamped addressed envelope for interesting descriptive leaflet.—DOLWYD PLANT-BREEDING NURSERY, (CL), Colwyn Bay.

**GARDENS DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED**. Sherwood Cup Chelsea Show, 1927.—GEORGE G. WHITELEGG, Nurseries, Chislehurst, Kent.

**PAVING STONE**. Quantity old London York Paving Stone for Sale (broken).—WILLIS, 24, Stihel Gardens, Chiswick. Tel. 358.

**STRAWSON GARDEN FRAMES**. A few—Order early. No Purchase Tax. Send 1d. stamp List C.L.43.—G. F. STRAWSON & SON, Hordley, Surrey.

**THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO., LTD.**, Syston, Leicester, were for many years previous to the war, the largest makers of Hard Lawn Tennis Courts in Great Britain. They will have experts and material ready for further work the moment THE V DAY arrives.

Acting on the suggestion of some of the leading Tennis Clubs, they have started a Rotation List for Post-War Orders for NEW and repairs to existing Courts. Would you like them to put your name down for early post-war attention? This puts you under no obligation.

**VEGETABLE and Flower Seeds of QUALITY**—we do the experimenting; not you!—W. J. UNWIN, LTD., Seedsmen, Histon, Cambs.

## LIVESTOCK

**POULTRY**. Growing Cockerels for rearing for table; strong, healthy birds, 8 weeks old, 6/- 10 weeks old, 7/6 each, carriage paid; cash with order; returnable casks, 5/- each. Growing Pullets, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys.—SILVERPINE POULTRY FARM, Little Hall



# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCII. No. 2414.

APRIL 23, 1943

## KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

### ARGYLLSHIRE

#### 3 MILE FRONTAGE ON AN ISLAND

THE RESIDENCE is in good order and occupies a commanding but sheltered position about 200 yards from the sea, over which it has glorious views.

3 public rooms, 7 principal and 3 servants' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

GOOD WATER SUPPLY AND SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION  
Garage for 2 cars, with chauffeur's and gardener's quarters. The climate is suitable for the formation of an interesting garden; this is productive and at present converted into a vegetable garden. The remainder of the property comprises Farms, Cottages, etc.

Actual and Estimated Rental £314

Burdens about £60

ABOUT 15,000 ACRES TO BE SOLD

Fishing.

Shooting.

Stalking.

Particulars of the Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (37,307)

### SUSSEX—LONDON 35 MILES

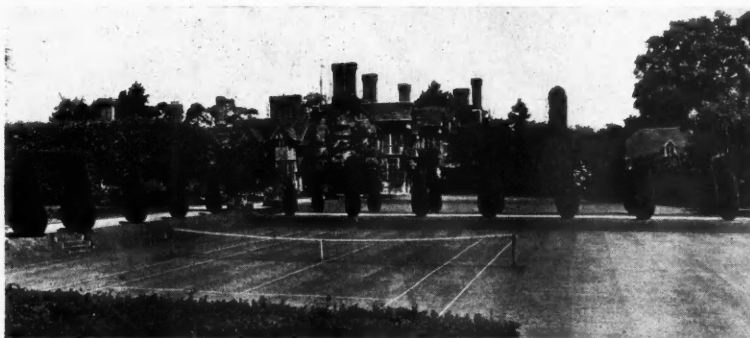
2 miles from Main Line Station with fine service of electric trains to Victoria and London Bridge.

A BEAUTIFUL TUDOR MANOR HOUSE BUILT ABOUT 1590

of small dark red brick, mullion windows with leaded lights, and a roof partly of Horsham stone flags.

It stands about 200 ft. above sea level, facing South and West, approached by a drive with a Henry VIIIth lodge at entrance. Fine suite of reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 7 bathrooms.

Beautiful oak panelling in all reception rooms and certain bedrooms.



SOUTH FRONT.

Central heating. Companies' electric light, power, gas and water. Telephone. Main drainage

Stabling for 7. Garages for several cars with flat over. 4 cottages. HOME FARM and buildings (let off).

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS are beautiful and form a perfect complement to the House, and include formal garden with clipped Portugal laurels, yews and flower beds, privy garden.



HENRY VIIIth LODGE (VACANT POSSESSION).

Bowling alley and green alley, both bordered by yew hedges. Garden pavilion built in the Tudor character, with entertainment room 33 ft. long. Tennis lawn and hard court. The pleached walk, a beautiful avenue of limes. Kitchen garden, orchard and range of glasshouses.

To be sold freehold with about 150 ACRES



ENTRANCE TO WEST WING (VACANT POSSESSION).

Part of the House is held under requisition, but Vacant Possession can be given of one Wing comprising 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and Henry VIIIth Lodge  
Vendor's Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (19,936)

### 45 MILES NORTH OF LONDON

GENUINE TUDOR RESIDENCE AND ABOUT 142 ACRES

This most Attractive House is in a lovely setting in a rural part of the country and stands about 250 ft. above sea level.

Originally an old farmhouse, it has now been brought up to date and contains: Hall, 3 reception rooms, cloakroom, 10 bed and dressing rooms (all with basins, excepting 2), including principal suite of bedroom, dressing room and bathroom, 2 other bathrooms, usual domestic offices, including kitchen with "Aga" stove and refrigerator.

Central heating. Electric light. Excellent water supply. Separate hot water supply. Septic tank drainage system.

Stabling. Garage for 3 cars. Gardener's cottage of 5 rooms.

THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS include well-stocked kitchen garden and certain of the land is let to a local farmer.

FOR SALE AT A LOW PRICE

Further particulars of the Agents:

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (39,579)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Telegrams: Galleries, Wesdo, London



# JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER ST., LONDON, W.1.

MAYFAIR 3316/7.

CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel. 334). AND AT NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS AND YEOVIL.



## ON THE THAMES AT OLD WINDSOR

*Landing stage on River.*

**AN ATTRACTIVE RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE**  
(RECENTLY IMPROVED AND RENOVATED.)

*Approached by a long drive.*

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Garage. Hard tennis court.  
GARDENS, TERRACE AND ORCHARD (2 ACRES).

### SECONDARY FARMHOUSE

2 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom and kitchen. Garage. Outbuilding.  
GROUNDS AND Paddock (6½ ACRES).

MAIN SERVICES TO BOTH HOUSES.

**TO BE SOLD AS A WHOLE**

**Approximately 8½ ACRES**

Apply: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Tel.: Mayfair 3316/7).

## HEART OF THE NEW FOREST

*1 mile main line station. 2 hours from London.*

**AN EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-PLANNED AND BUILT  
MODERN RESIDENCE**

FITTED WITH EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE.

3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. CENTRAL HEATING. ALL MAIN SERVICES.

GARAGE FOR 3 CARS. MODEL STABLING. 3 COTTAGES.

CHARMING GARDENS (2½ ACRES), WITH SWIMMING POOL. PADDOCKS (8 ACRES). In all

**10½ ACRES**

THE WHOLE PROPERTY IN FIRST-CLASS ORDER.

**PRICE £16,000 FREEHOLD (or near offer)**

Inspected and recommended by: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1. (Tel.: Mayfair 3316/7). (8726)

## NEAR BURY ST. EDMUNDS

*Station, 1 mile. Adjoining a Golf Course.*

**AN OLD MANOR HOUSE**

(PART XVIIth CENTURY AND PART GEORGIAN.)

*Secluded position on fringe of a village.*

5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, and 2 reception rooms. Garage and 3 old cottages.

CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY.  
LONG DRIVE, FLOWER, FRUIT AND KITCHEN GARDENS. STREAM AND MEADOWLANDS. IN ALL

**NEARLY 16 ACRES**

**FREEHOLD £5,000 VACANT POSSESSION**

Particulars of: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1.  
(Tel.: Mayfair 3316/7). (Folio 8715)

*By direction of A. G. H. Richardson, Esq.*

## THE OLD VICARAGE, COLDASHBY, NORTHANTS

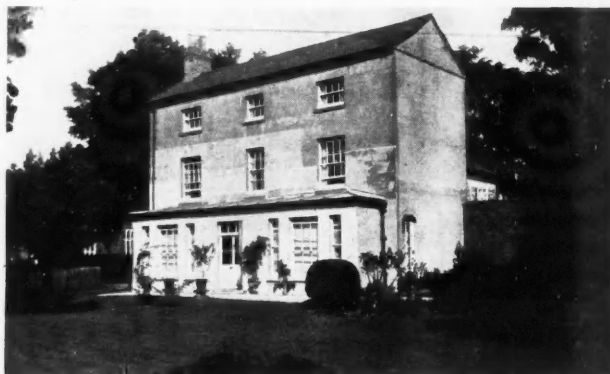
*Market Harborough 9 miles. Northampton 12 miles. 600 ft. up. Extensive views.*

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Company's electric light. Garage

**GARDEN AND Paddock, 2½ ACRES**

**FOR SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold),  
on WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1943**

Particulars of the Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Bridge Street, Northampton.



Grosvenor 3121  
(3 lines).

## WINKWORTH & CO.

48, CURZON ST., MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.

**EVERY LABOUR-SAVING CONVENIENCE**

**QUIET POSITION BETWEEN  
DORKING AND GUILDFORD**

*400 ft. up on the Surrey Hills overlooking a common. Frequent 35-min. electric train service.*



### A VERY ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

7 best bedrooms, 4 fine bathrooms (including best suite), 5 staff rooms, oak-panelled lounge and 3 reception rooms (one 33 ft. by 21 ft.). Fitted wash basins. Main electricity and water. Stabling. Garage. 2 cottages. Woodlands affording good rough shoot. Gardens with small swim-pool.

**FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH 55 ACRES**

POSSESSION AFTER THE WAR.

Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1. (Tel.: Gro. 3121.)

### DORSET

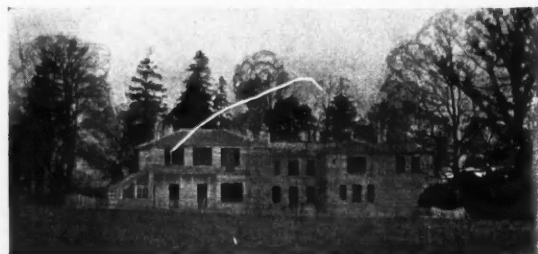
**PARTLY XIIIth CENTURY, PARTLY TUDOR**

**A HOUSE OF UNIQUE CHARACTER.** 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, great hall with minstrels' gallery. Attractive pleasure grounds. CENTRAL HEATING. STABLING. GARAGE. HARD TENNIS COURT. **TO BE LET FURNISHED.** HUNTING WITH THE BLACKMORE VALE.

Owner's Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1. (3786)

## SUSSEX

*Main Line Station 1½ miles.*



### A GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, excellent domestic offices. Electric light. Partial central heating. Fitted basins (h. & c.) in some rooms. STABLING. GARAGE. COTTAGE. ATTRACTIVE GARDENS AND GROUNDS, with tennis, orchard, kitchen garden, paddocks, etc.

**IN ALL 21 ACRES**

**FREEHOLD FOR SALE**

Owner's Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1.

## WILTS

**AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE.** 12 bedrooms, nursery, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Electric light. Central heating. Stabling. Garage. Farmery. 3 cottages. AREA EXTENDING TO 160 ACRES, INCLUDING PASTURE AND ARABLE. **REASONABLE PRICE FOR FREEHOLD.**

Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1. (7028)



# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

## UNDER 30 MILES NORTH OF LONDON

Easy reach of several towns.

A T.T. AND ATTESTED DAIRY AND ARABLE FARM OF OVER 450 ACRES,  
of which about 300 Acres are arable and 90 Acres pasture.

THE HOUSE stands 400 ft. above sea level with good views, and contains: 3 large reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Electric light. Telephone.

Brick-built farm buildings, including model cow-houses for 45 (with water bowls), carthorse stabling, garage, implement sheds, etc. 3 cottages. Friesian herd.

**FOR SALE WITH OR WITHOUT LIVE AND DEAD STOCK**

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (40,366)

## SOMERSET AND DORSET BORDERS

AN EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-PLANNED RESIDENCE, in good order, occupying a fine position nearly 500 ft. above sea level on the slope of a hill and commanding magnificent views.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, all facing South, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, well-equipped domestic offices.

Central heating. Company's electric light. Telephone. Excellent water supply. Modern drainage.



Stabling. Garage. 2 cottages.

WELL LAID OUT PLEASURE GROUNDS. Productive kitchen garden. Paddocks.

**NEARLY 25 ACRES  
FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Vacant Possession on Completion

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (40,361)

## WEST SUSSEX. CLOSE TO MIDHURST

In beautiful country facing South, with glorious unspoilt views of the South Downs.

A MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER, brick built, partly tile hung, with tiled roof, and designed by an Architect.

THE HOUSE occupies a quiet secluded position not overlooked in any way and the accommodation includes: Lounge hall, drawing room, dining room, cloakroom, domestic offices, 6 bedrooms, bathroom.

Central heating throughout. Electric light. Companies' gas and water. Modern drainage. Garage. Cottage available with 2/3 bedrooms, sitting room, kitchen. Garden.

Matured Garden of about 1 Acre with lawns, flower beds, kitchen garden, etc., and about 2 Acres of picturesque woodland plantation, in all

**ABOUT 3 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (30,918)

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(10 lines)

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Regent 0293/3377

(Established 1882)

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## NEWBURY DISTRICT

Glorious views, 500 ft. up.

**A WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE  
ON A PICKED SITE.**

**FOR SALE**

PERFECTLY EQUIPPED WITH CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT. BASINS IN BEDROOMS. OAK FLOORS.

3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

LOVELY INEXPENSIVE GARDENS.

**8 ACRES IN ALL, WITH MEADOWLAND**

Further particulars of: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading, and 4, Albany Court Yard, W.1.

TO BE LET FURNISHED

LONG LET

## OXFORDSHIRE

Situated on high ground, in a secluded position with glorious views. Near village and only 5 miles from Reading. Within easy walking distance of frequent bus services.

**A PICTURESQUE GENUINE OLD TUDOR FARMHOUSE  
RESIDENCE**

COMPLETELY MODERNISED AND BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED.

13 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, domestic offices, servants' hall.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. GARAGE (3 CARS).

WELL LAID OUT GROUNDS. TENNIS COURT. ROSE GARDEN, ETC.

**20 GUINEAS PER WEEK**

(INCLUDING GARDENER'S WAGES.)

Further particulars of: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading, and 4, Albany Court Yard, W.1.

Grosvenor 2838  
(2 lines)

## TURNER LORD & RANSOM

127, MOUNT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telegrams:  
Turloran, Audley, London

JUST IN THE MARKET

## MAIDENHEAD, BERKS

FOR SALE

**THIS BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE**

On a favourite reach of the Thames, with private landing stage.



10 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms,  
4 reception rooms, lounge,  
solarium. Compact offices.

Garage.

Central heating.

Parquet floors.

MAIN ELECTRICITY, GAS  
AND WATER.

**FREEHOLD £8,000**

Sole Agents: TURNER LORD & RANSOM, as above.

## BUCKS—OXON BORDERS

Oxford 12 miles. Aylesbury 15 miles. Close bus services to each.

**DELIGHTFUL RED-BRICK GEORGIAN RESIDENCE**

Standing high (altitude about 600 ft.), facing South, with glorious views.

8 bed and dressing rooms,  
3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms;  
excellent offices with maids'  
sitting room.

Garage for 3.

Central heating.

Main electricity and drainage.

CHARMING GROUNDS OF

**2½ ACRES**

(A FURTHER 10 ACRES  
CAN BE HAD.)



**FREEHOLD, PRICE £6,500**

Agents: TURNER LORD & RANSOM, as above.



# HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Regent 8222 (15 lines)

Telegrams: "Solant, Piccy, London."



## A LOVELY CORNISH MANOR

*Ideally situate on the Coast a few miles from Falmouth.*

**FOR SALE. AN EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING HOUSE OF THE XVIIth CENTURY**



Carefully modernised and fitted with modern conveniences.

Delightful drawing room, lounge, dining room, panelled library, 6 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

Company's electric light.

GARAGE FOR 2. BUNGALOW COTTAGE.

**BEAUTIFUL SEMI-TROPICAL GARDENS**

the whole extending to about

**2½ ACRES**

Apply to the Sole Agents:

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222).

In a glorious position adjoining Oxshott Heath, Surrey ½ hour's run from Town. 7 minutes from railway station. Over 200 ft. up, with sandy soil

## WARREN HOUSE

**EXTREMELY CHARMING FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY**

**PROVIDING LUXURIOUS AND WELL-APPOINTED HOUSE APPROACHED BY DRIVE**



and containing: Lounge hall, 3 reception and a billiard room, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, night and day nurseries, 4 bathrooms, 2 staircases, chauffeur's flat. Lodge.

Garages. Greenhouses, etc. All main services. Modern drainage. Good repair. Enchanting grounds, kitchen garden and woodlands, in all about

**7 ACRES**

With Vacant Possession.

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., will offer the above for SALE by AUCTION AT THE NEW BULL HOTEL, LEATHERHEAD, on WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, at 3 p.m. (unless sold privately beforehand).

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BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19. (WIM. 0081.)

## SOMERSET

*On the outskirts of a quaint old market town.*

**A DELIGHTFUL SMALL TUDOR HOUSE CAREFULLY RESTORED AND WITH EVERY MODERN COMFORT**

3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (all with wash-basins), dressing room, 2 bathrooms.

All main services. Central heating. 2 garages. Stabling. 2 stone-built cottages.

Charming old-world grounds surrounded by a wall, with hard tennis court, flower and productive kitchen garden, etc., in all about

**2 ACRES**



**PRICE FREEHOLD £5,250**

Recommended from personal inspection by

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.

(Tel.: REG. 8222.) (W.88,152a.)

## SURREY HILLS

In a glorious position 300 ft. up, convenient for two stations with good services to Town in 30 minutes.

## A WELL-BUILT HOUSE

IN HUNG TILES AND TILED ROOF.

The interior has been modernised at a considerable cost.

Lounge (polished oak strip flooring), dining room, compact domestic offices, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, boxroom.

Constant hot water.

All main services.

Garage.

Well-stocked garden with lawns and terraced rose garden enclosed by some magnificent old conifers.



**PRICE FREEHOLD £2,500**

Particulars from: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (S.51,068)

BISHOPS STORTFORD (243.)

# CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

1/6 per line. (Min. 3 lines.)

## AUCTIONS

**LOCKSHEATH, nr. FAREHAM, HANTS** THURSDAY & FRIDAY, APRIL 29 & 30, commencing at 11 o'clock, Messrs. HALL, PAIN & FOSTER will sell by Auction the FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE, "LOCKSHEATH HOUSE," with Vacant Possession, containing: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing, 3 bathrooms, domestic offices. Central heating. Main electricity and water. Outbuildings. Matured gardens, 5½ Acres. Also a 6-roomed Cottage and 9½ Acres adjoining. Followed by the Auction of the WHOLE OF THE CONTENTS OF THE RESIDENCE, SILVER (1,300 oz.), PLATE AND JEWELLERY, including 2 ROPES OF VALUABLE ORIENTAL PEARLS, outdoor effects, etc. For particulars of Sale of the Property and Catalogue of the Furniture, etc., price 6d., apply to—48, West Street, Fareham; Portsmouth and Petersfield. Vendor's Solicitors: Messrs. WARNER & SON, Fareham.

## HELSTON

A few minutes from the Helford River. 5 miles from FALMOUTH, CORNWALL. By Auction, MAY 3, TREVIADDES MANOR FARM, in the Parish of Constantine, with an attractive delightfully situated Modern Residence (3 reception rooms, office, 5 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, up-to-date modern conveniences, with main electric light and heating. Beautiful views. Excellent buildings, including modern cowhouse for 24. Cottage-bungalow and about 103 ACRES. Ideal for early market garden crops, dairying and mixed farming. With vacant possession June 24. Yachting, fishing, golf. TO BE OFFERED FIRST AS A WHOLE AND IF NOT SO SOLD IN 3 LOTS. Auction particulars of: WOODCOCKS, 30, St. George Street, London, W.1, or of Mr. H. E. MICHELL, Helston.

## SUSSEX HIGHLANDS

A DELIGHTFUL MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE. 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 large reception rooms, sun parlour, cloakroom, excellent offices. Main electricity. Gas and water. Garage. Greenhouse. Really delightful gardens and tennis lawn. 1½ Acres. Possession. STOWELL HOUSE, CROSS-IN-HAND. Sale by Auction, May 7, by GEERING AND COLYER, Heathfield, Sussex.

## TO LET

**SOMERSET** (near Frome). Furnished medium-sized Georgian House. 5 bedrooms, 3 sitting rooms, 2 bathrooms. Attractive garden, 1½ Acres. Electric light. Garage. Gardener available.—SHAW, Tree Tops, Great Elm, Frome.

## FOR SALE

**ANYWHERE.** Luxury Caravan, specially built for all-year occupation. 3 compartments, 4 luxurious sleeping berths, end kitchen. Gas cooking range. Electric light. 20-gallon water tank w.c. A luxurious, safe and movable home, delivered to any site. £1,000.—Box 349.

**BROCKHAM WARREN, BOX HILL** WALTON-ON-THE-HILL, SURREY.

By direction of Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, Bart., M.C.

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE FAMOUS BOX HILL.

Occupying one of the finest positions in the South of England. 700 ft. up, commanding panoramic views to the South. THE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, recently the subject of a large expenditure, is in PERFECT ORDER. Mainly on 2 floors is 13 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, sun parlour and conservatory. Companies' water and electric light, power. Central heating. Modern sanitation. MATURED GARDENS WITH FINE OLD SPECIMEN ORNAMENTAL TREES. Entrance drive and 2 lodges. Stabling. Garage. SMALL FARMERY. Grass paddocks, in all about 20 ACRES.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE. Price and particulars from the Sole Agents—Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS, 37, South Audley Street, W.1.

**DORSET.** Sale of Land in beautiful position near Lulworth. Freehold in 5, 10 and 20 Acres each. Immediate vacant possession. No Land Tax and close to picturesque main road through heathland, Wareham to Lulworth. From £15-£25 per Acre. No law costs or conveyancing. Particulars and plans upon receipt of 1s. 6d.—WEST HOLME MANOR ESTATE OFFICE, Milton House, 4, The Plocks, Blandford, Dorset.

**KENT, HEVER.** ½ mile station. Compact well-watered Mixed Farm. 94 Acres. In very good heart and with extensive frontages. Excellent house. 3 reception, 7 bed. Electric light. Good buildings and 3 cottages. For Sale Freehold, with Vacant Possession.—FOX & MANWARING, Edenbridge, Kent (Tel. 2211).

**SUSSEX.** Country district. Tudor House, with lounge (21 ft.), dining room (with Tudor bricked chimney), 2 bed and 1 additional bed (part built), kitchen, bathroom, separate lavatory. Rotary pump. Lighting by lamps. Barn about 50 ft. by 20 ft., and about 2 ACRES (orchard and garden). £1,500 Freehold. Apply—W. J. EYEAARS, Estate Agent, 32, Southgate, Chichester (Tel. 2851).

## FOR SALE

**SUSSEX DOWNS.** Period Residence with 10 bed, reception hall, dining room, drawing room, morning room, library, servants' hall and full domestic quarters. Chauffeur's quarters. Extensive garages and about 40 ACRES. £15,000 FREEHOLD.

ALSO Detached Modern Bungalow. 3 bed, 1 large reception, boarded attic. About ½ Acre garden. 1 large and 1 small paddock. 2 new greenhouses (40 ft. by 16 ft.). Garage. Architecturally designed. £2,500 FREEHOLD. For further particulars of both properties apply—W. J. EYEAARS, Estate Agent, 32, Southgate, Chichester (Tel. 2851).

**EAST AFRICAN** 1,000 Acre Agricultural and Sporting Estate. Going concern. Modern homestead, very healthy, near Rhodesia border.—MARCHANT, 113, Ebra Road, S.W.19 (Lib. 2933).

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**BUCKS, HERTS or OXFORDSHIRE.** Reasonably sized Shoot, preferably with shooting box and adjoining well-stocked stretch of river or stream, wanted to rent yearly. Particulars to—W. J. WOLTMAN, Mumfords Farm, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks.

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**WILTS, GLOS, SOMERSET, DORSET or N.E. DEVON** (not on coast). Wanted immediately, old, stone or red brick, Country House. 5 to 40 Acres. Few but spacious rooms. Well-timbered grounds. Main electricity or gas.—Box 344.

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Within easy reach of Chard and Taunton.  
Occupying an outstanding position 800ft. above sea level and commanding extensive views.

## AN ATTRACTIVE BRICK-BUILT BUNGALOW RESIDENCE

with 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.  
Central heating. Electric light.  
Excellent outbuildings including Dairy, Loose Boxes, Cowhouse, Barn, Garage, etc.  
Well laid out gardens, kitchen garden, enclosures of pastureland, in allABOUT 12 ACRES  
FOR SALE, ONLY £2,950

Agents: OSBORN &amp; MERCER, as above. (M.2352)

## CHESTER AND HALSTEAD

In delightful country near to a village and within 4 miles of a main line station.

## AN ATTRACTIVE MODERNISED COUNTRY HOUSE

with 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.  
Main electricity and water. Central heating.  
Garage. Stabling. Cottage.  
Charming well-matured gardens, kitchen garden, orchard, etc., in all

ABOUT 3 ACRES

For Sale at Moderate Price.

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Commanding beautiful and extensive views over the countryside to the Surrey Hills.

Within easy reach of the station with a splendid service of electric trains to Town in about 35 minutes

To be Sold

A CHARMING WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE with lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main services. Central heating.

Garage and useful outbuildings.

The gardens are delightfully laid out with gravel terrace, tennis lawn, rose pergolas, etc., well-stocked kitchen garden.

In all

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

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## OXON

A COMPACT DAIRY AND MIXED FARM OF ABOUT 450 ACRES

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

OLD-FASHIONED BRICK AND STONE FARM-HOUSE TWO COTTAGES, AND AN EXTENSIVE RANGE OF BUILDINGS

About 1½ miles from a well-known Market Town and within convenient reach of London.

Full details from: OSBORN &amp; MERCER, as above.

## BROADWAY

Situate in this picturesque old Cotswold village.

To be Sold

A DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD HOUSE

believed to date from the reign of Henry VII and enlarged in Jacobean times, with 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (fitted basins), 3 bathrooms.

All main services. Stabling. Outbuildings.

Attractive well matured gardens which have been the subject of considerable expenditure in recent years, rose garden, tennis lawn, rock garden, with stream, 2 orchards, etc., in all

ABOUT 4½ ACRES

Full details from: OSBORN &amp; MERCER, as above. (17,414)

## SOMERSET

Amidst lovely surroundings on the Southern slopes of the Mendip Hills.

## A BEAUTIFUL STONE-BUILT JACOBAN REPLICA

Erected about 50 years ago regardless of expense and to the designs of a well-known architect.

4 reception, billiards room, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main electricity and gas. Central heating.

5 Cottages. Stabling. Garage.

Charming well-timbered gardens sloping to a river. 2 lakes (one stocked with trout). Hard and grass tennis courts. Cricket ground, with pavilion. Meadowland.

In all

ABOUT 17 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

Full details from: OSBORN &amp; MERCER, as above. (17,371)

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LONDON, W.1.

## CURTIS &amp; HENSON

Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).  
Established 1875.

## SURREY

Over 600 ft. up. Excellent train service.



TO BE SOLD OR LET UNFURNISHED, A QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE. 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. STABLING. GARAGE. FARMERY. 2 COTTAGES. Pleasure grounds, 2 orchards. 6 ACRES. Particulars from: CURTIS &amp; HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (10,636)

## NORTH-EAST SCOTLAND

3 miles from Station.

TO BE SOLD. A RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE. Thousands of pounds recently spent on modernising the house, partly built in the XVth Century. 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Main electricity. Central heating. Garage for 6 cars. 4 cottages. Productive and well-stocked gardens. 9 FARMS. Beautifully timbered grounds. Woodlands. Near a famous salmon river. Grouse moor and rough shooting. About 2,000 ACRES. Particulars from the Agents: CURTIS &amp; HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,252)

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1 mile from Hitchin Station.

A GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, containing: Hall, panelled dining and drawing rooms, library and billiards room, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main drainage. Co.'s water, gas and electricity. Central heating. Garage for 3 cars, and outbuildings. Old-world pleasure garden, also well-stocked kitchen garden, about 1½ ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

Agents: CURTIS &amp; HENSON, 5, Mount St., W.1. (16,111)

## SURREY

Near Sutton and Cheam Stations. Half an hour by train to London.



EXCELLENTLY DESIGNED IN THE TUDOR STYLE. 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms (6 with h. &amp; c.), 2 bathrooms, 2 staircases. Co.'s electricity, gas and water. Central heating. Garage. Tennis court. Orchard and kitchen garden. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. Agents: CURTIS &amp; HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,308).

3, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1.

## RALPH PAY &amp; TAYLOR

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1032-33

ATTRACTIVE HOUSES JUST AVAILABLE FOR SALE, SITUATED WITHIN AN HOUR'S RAIL

NEAR CAMBERLEY GOLF COURSE. Just over a mile from shops and station (electric services). UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE HOUSE (red brick, tile hung). 300 ft. above sea level. Secluded in grounds of 6 ACRES. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electricity and power. Water and gas connected. Garage. Stabling. Cottage. Matured grounds, rhododendron plantations, tennis court and woodland. FREEHOLD ONLY £5,000.

UNIQUE SMALL HOUSE (brick, tiled and rough-casted). A few minutes' walk from old-world Esher and 10 minutes from Claygate (electric services). Close to commons and woods. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. All main services connected. Built-in garage. Beautiful gardens of 1 ACRE. Fine forest trees, tennis court, etc. Near good golf. A DEFINITE BARGAIN AT ONLY £4,090. (12,397)

BETWEEN HATFIELD and POTTERS BAR. Close to Brookman's Park Station. ATTRACTIVE OLD HOUSE (late Georgian). 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. All main services. Heating. Stabling. Garage. 2 cottages. Shady gardens and grass paddocks. Over 6 ACRES. FREEHOLD ONLY £3,500. A GREAT BARGAIN.

## LITTLE-KNOWN PART OF HERTFORDSHIRE

400 ft. above sea level. Extensive views. Close to bus services.

AN ARCHITECT'S MASTERPIECE IN ITS OWN SMALL ESTATE OF 110 ACRES

3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main electricity. Plentiful water. Central heating. Garage.

FULLY MATURED GARDENS.

SMALL HOME FARM.

EXTENSIVE BUILDINGS.

MODERN COWHOUSE. COTTAGE, Etc.

PASTURE, ARABLE AND WOODLAND.

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With unique views over Poole Harbour and the Purbeck Hills.

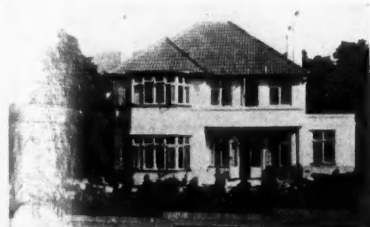
REPLETE WITH EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE.

4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, tiled bathroom, maids' sitting room, cloakroom, etc. Garage with air raid shelter beneath. Central heating. Electricity and gas throughout. Very well-stocked garden of ½ ACRE, backed by pine-woods. The whole standing high and in perfect condition.

PRICE £4,500 FREEHOLD

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Grosvenor 1553  
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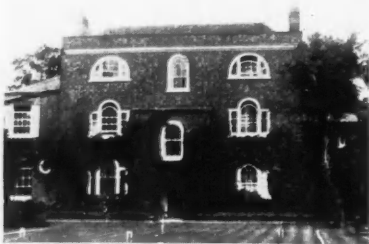
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## IN A HERTFORDSHIRE TOWN

Few minutes of shops. 1 mile of station.

THIS GEORGIAN  
RESIDENCEEntrance hall, 4 reception  
rooms, 10 bed and dressing  
rooms, 3 bathrooms. All main  
services. Central heating.GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.  
OLD-WORLD GARDENS,  
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In all about

1 1/4 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD  
WITH  
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## FIRST-CLASS DAIRY FARM 233 ACRES

Long frontage to Thames. 1 1/2 miles station.

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RECENTLY SUBJECT OF LARGE EXPENDITURE IN INSTALLING CENTRAL  
HEATING THROUGHOUT. BASINS IN BEDROOMS. ELECTRIC LIGHT  
(FROM PLANT). NEW DRAINAGE SYSTEM.7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 large sitting rooms, cloakroom. 2 cottages. Farm  
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WELL FARMED LAND, certain pastures having been ploughed owing to the war.

INCOME £500 per annum approximately

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AGENTS FOR THE HOME COUNTIES, THE SHIRRS, AND SPORTING COUNTIES GENERALLY

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0911IDEAL SMALL COUNTRY ESTATE  
SUITABLE FOR A LONDON  
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RESIDENCE OF EXCEPTIONAL  
CHARACTERSURROUNDED BY MOAT AND DATING FROM THE  
LATE XVIIth CENTURY BUT MODERNISED AND  
IN FIRST-RATE ORDER.Sited in a good sporting district. 300 ft. above sea level.  
Under 30 miles from London, with fast train service, near  
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Main electricity and water. Gas. Central heating. Stabling  
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court.

135 ACRES

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In a high situation. South-Western aspect. Panoramic views.  
Lovely surroundings.3 sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms, dining room, 3 bathrooms.  
Electric light. Central heating. Stabling and garage (with  
flat over). 2 cottages. SECONDARY RESIDENCE OF  
5 BEDROOMS.ATTRACTIVE GARDENS AND GROUNDS AND  
ABOUT 120 ACRES

(100 Acres Woodlands).

VERY MODERATE PRICE ACCEPTED.

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In a lovely district, 1 1/2 miles nearest station. Bus service to  
Newbury passes property several times daily.OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY RESIDENCE, con-  
taining: 3 sitting rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms,  
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ABOUT 10 ACRES.

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For Sale by order of Executors.

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WELL-EQUIPPED MODERN COUNTRY  
RESIDENCESURROUNDED BY ITS OWN LANDS OF ABOUT  
63 ACRESTHE PROPERTY IS IN FIRST-RATE ORDER AND  
HAS BEEN VERY WELL CARED FOR BY THE  
LATE OWNER FOR OVER 20 YEARS.Hall, oak lounge and 3 other sitting rooms, 15 bed and  
dressing rooms (some with basins), 3 bathrooms.ALL MAIN SERVICES. LODGE AND 4 COTTAGES.  
MODEL FARMERY. STABLING AND GARAGE,  
WITH FLAT OVER. STREAM. HARD AND GRASS  
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All land is in hand.

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Well sited on the crest of a hill overlooking a village. Good social and sporting district.

For SALE FREEHOLD with about 11 1/2 ACRES and 4 Cottages  
An Attractive and Comfortably Appointed COUNTRY HOUSEof comparatively modern archi-  
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upon improvements in last five  
years. 4 reception, 8 bedrooms,  
2 bathrooms. Central heating  
throughout. Running water in  
principal bedrooms. "Esse"  
cooker. Main electric light and  
power. Garage. Stabling.  
Three of the cottages are let.  
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Beautiful country position yet only 15 miles North-West from London.

An Exceptionally  
well-built & Attractive  
RESIDENCELounge hall, 3 reception,  
maids' sitting room, 7 bed-  
rooms, 2 bathrooms. Central  
heating. "Aga" cooker. All  
main services. Double garage.  
Lovely gardens, tennis, fruit,  
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4 ACRES

FREEHOLD £6,000

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## FOR SALE

## THE ABOVE WELL-APPOINTED GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Situate in a favourite part of the County.  
SOUTH ASPECT. SHELTERED.

together with

187 ACRES, ALL LET

Hall, 5 reception, 14 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 7 lavatories and usual domestic offices.  
Equipped throughout with every labour-saving device.GARAGE. STABLING. ENTRANCE LODGE. GARDENER'S MODERN  
COTTAGE.

For further particulars apply Agents as above

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£350 P.A. UNFURNISHED FOR "DURATION"  
INCLUDING USE OF CERTAIN CARPETS, CURTAINS AND FITMENTS.  
BUCKS. 700 ft. up, delightful position. 7 miles High Wycombe. Bus service passes.  
BEAUTIFUL AND WELL-FITTED XVIIIth CENTURY RESIDENCE. 7 or  
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COUNTRY HOUSE. 8 bedrooms, 2  
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Garage. Stable. Charming gardens, tennis  
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magnificent views. GEORGIAN  
COUNTRY HOUSE. 3 reception,  
billiards room, 2 bathrooms, 12 bedrooms  
(h. & c. in principal). Electric light.  
Garage and outbuildings. Lovely gardens,  
kitchen garden, orchard. 5 ACRES.  
£3,500. Or 18 ACRES, £5,000.—  
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THE ONLY COMPLETE  
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Price 2/6

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JUST OVER 40 MILES N.E. FROM LONDON

A PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE  
OF ABOUT 1,100 ACRES

WITH A GEORGIAN  
PERIOD PRINCIPAL  
RESIDENCE

(TO BE RETAINED BY THE  
VENDOR DURING THE WAR FOR  
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IN FIRST CLASS REPAIR AND  
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Drive with lodge entrance, sitting hall  
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Main electricity and water. Central  
heating throughout. Good fireplaces  
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HOME FARM—350 ACRES  
WITH SMALL FARMHOUSE  
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409 AND 183 ACRES

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CONTAINING OAK AND OTHER  
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THE SHOOTING HAS BEEN  
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Adjacent to favourite old-world village, 400 ft. above sea level, and under 30 miles from  
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including

#### THE WELL-APPOINTED HOUSE

7 principal bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms.

CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT. MAIN WATER. GARAGE AND  
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In all about

95 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

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#### SMALL MOATED MANOR



4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

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About 1 mile from Ifield Halt and 2 miles from Crawley Stations.

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Fine Modern Furniture reproduced in the styles of the Jacobean, Queen Anne and Chippendale periods: Bedroom Suites in Walnut, Mahogany and Oak, Divan Beds, Superior  
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## WILSON & CO.

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### QUEEN ANNE MANOR IN HAMPSHIRE



**BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED**  
WITH FINE  
CHOICE FIREPLACES, OAK  
FLOORS.

ALL IN PERFECT ORDER AND  
THE SUBJECT OF ENORMOUS  
EXPENDITURE JUST BEFORE  
THE WAR.

High position, convenient for Andover  
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9 bedrooms (4 more in annexe),  
6 modern bathrooms, 3 reception rooms,  
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Main electricity. Radiators throughout.

Garage for 4. Chauffeur's rooms.  
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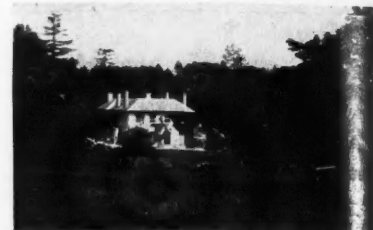
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with inglenook fireplaces), usual offices, 5 oak-beamed  
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**17 ACRES PRICE FREEHOLD £3,750**

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### 4 MILES SOUTH OF SEVENOAKS

**A MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE**

3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices.

GARAGE AND OUTBUILDINGS.

**4 ACRES**

**PRICE FREEHOLD £2,500**

**A CHARMING STONE-BUILT  
HOUSE**

FORMERLY AN OAST HOUSE

STANDING IN A PLEASANT LANE ON  
OUTSKIRTS OF SEVENOAKS

Hall, cloakroom, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom,  
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GARAGE AND OUTBUILDINGS.

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

**1 1/4 ACRES**

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Convenient position 8 minutes main line station.



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RESIDENCE, half tile hung. 23 miles London, on  
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Garage for 3. Stabling. Farm buildings. Main water, gas  
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WILL BE ACCEPTED FOR THE FREEHOLD.  
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Much artistic oak and carving. Open

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**JUST IN THE MARKET  
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IMMEDIATE INSPECTION  
ADVISED**

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Near TAUNTON.

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Pretty Bungalow Residence. Large lounge,

dining room, excellent offices, 5 bedrooms.

Central heating. Electric light. Excellent

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gardens and feeding pastureland.

**12 ACRES**

MODEL FARMERY. ELECTRIC LIGHT

THROUGHOUT.

**FREEHOLD ONLY £2,950**

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**LOVELY SMALL GEORGIAN RESI-**

**DENCE.** All upon 2 floors. 3 reception.

5 large and 3 small bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main electric light and water. Stabling.

Garage, etc. Gardens, wood and paddock.

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About 3 miles out of the city. Rural

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**MOST CHARMING MODERN**

**HOUSE OF CHARACTER**

EXCEPTIONALLY WELL EQUIPPED.

ABSOLUTELY LABOUR SAVING.

3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms,

excellent offices. MAIN SERVICES.

CENTRAL HEATING. Attractive but

inexpensive gardens. Paddock. 4 ACRES

IMMEDIATE SALE WANTED.

**FIRST TO OFFER £3,950 SECURES.**

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4 miles to Chirk. 20 miles to Chester. 400 ft. above sea level.



5 entertaining rooms, billiard room,  
8 principal, 5 secondary bedrooms,  
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Stables. Garage.

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**AREA ABOUT 60 ACRES**

Extra land available if required.

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(absolutely essential for National purposes)

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POSSIBLE TO PERSUADE LANDOWNERS TO  
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Under instructions from the Mortgagees.

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Parish of Llancaiaphan (9 miles from Cardiff).

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MART, 5, HIGH STREET, CARDIFF, on THURSDAY, APRIL 29, at 2.30 p.m., the FREEHOLD FARMS known as  
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IMMEDIATE POSSESSION. WITH  
CULTURAL ESTATE 100-300 AGRI-  
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Anywhere, except S.E. and Southern  
Countries, but Northern Counties and  
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House with not more than 8 bedrooms,  
with good farm buildings and at least  
2 cottages. **PRICE UP TO £6,000**  
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## 1 HOUR N.W. OF LONDON

c.4

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STONE BUILT, WITH EXCEPTIONALLY FINE ROOMS.  
Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 10-12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, model  
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Garage. First-rate stabling. Outbuildings.  
WELL-ESTABLISHED GROUNDS WITH KITCHEN GARDEN, LAWNS,  
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In all about

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ONLY £8,000 FREEHOLD

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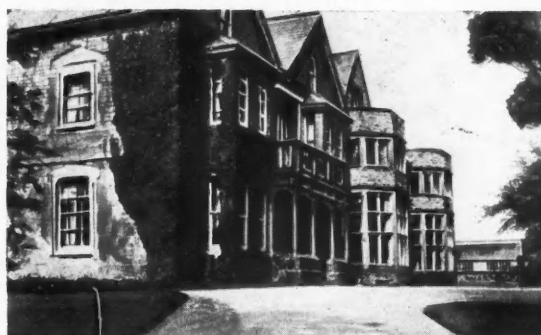
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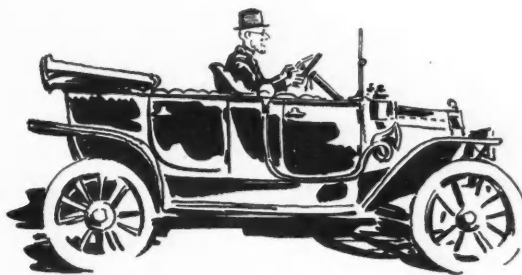
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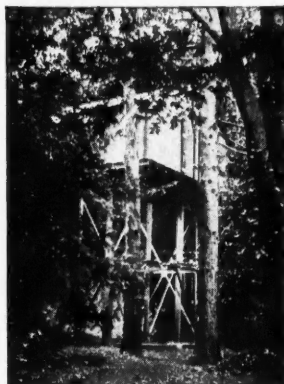
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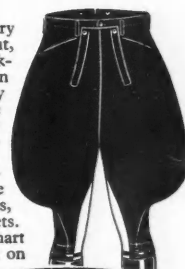
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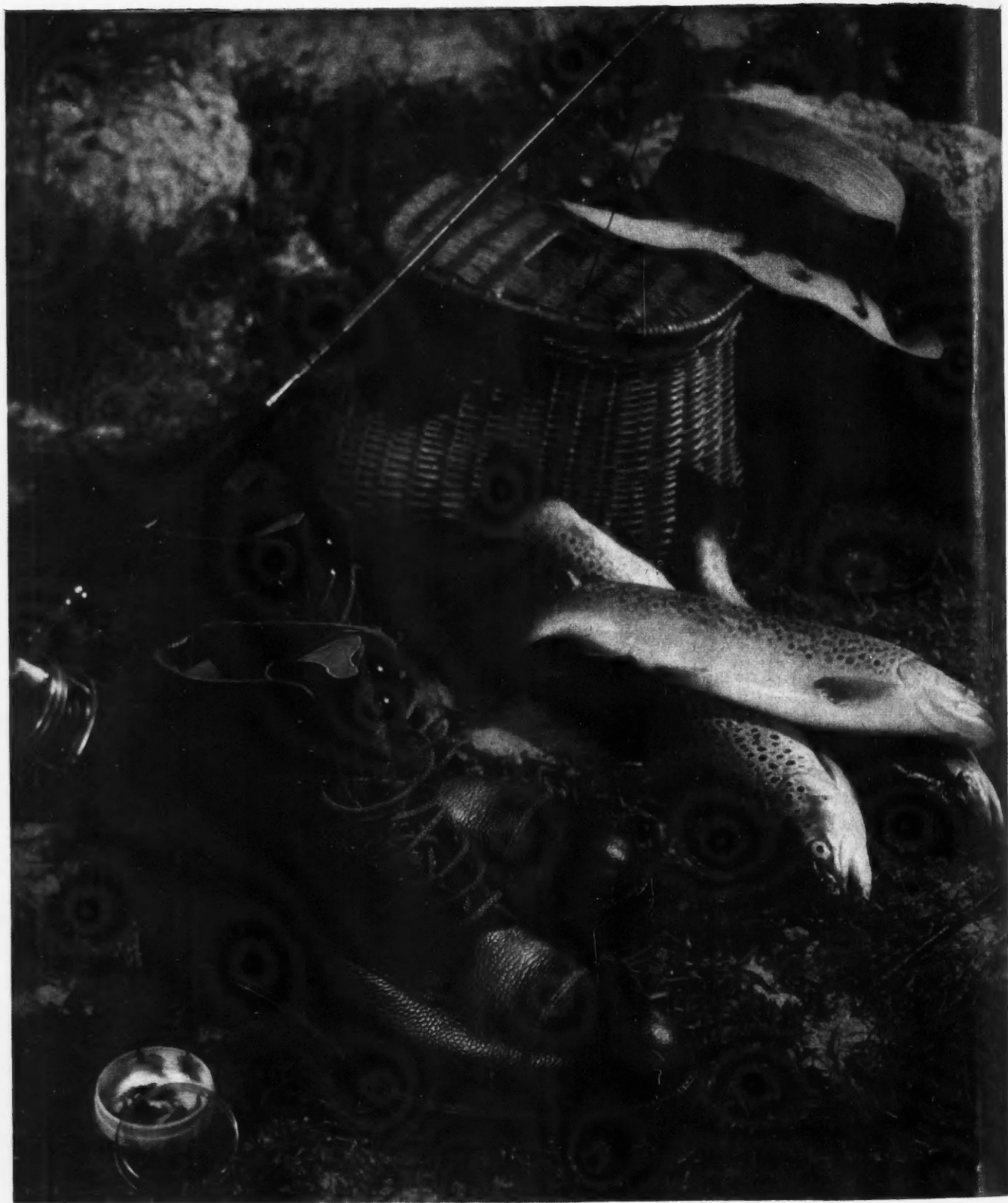
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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIII. No. 2414

APRIL 23, 1943



*Harlip*

## THE HON. MRS. EDWARD CARSON

Mrs. Edward Carson is the younger daughter of Captain Frank Slater, M.C., and Mrs. Slater, of 74, Palace Gardens Terrace, W., and Ridgeway, Birchington, Kent. Her marriage to the Hon. Edward Carson, the Life Guards, son of the late Lord Carson and of Lady Carson, of Cleve Court, Minster, Thanet, took place recently.



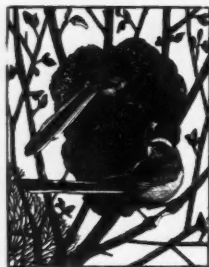
## COUNTRY LIFE

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## AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION

THE publication of the Agricultural Improvement Council's first annual Report called attention to the need for bridging over the gap between the advance of scientific knowledge and the current practice of the farmer. The Report of Lord Justice Luxmoore's Committee makes even more apparent the need for bridges over the gap which at present divides the schoolboy from the knowledgeable and efficient farmer or from the well-trained, live-minded farm-workman, as the case may be. To take the gap between the schoolboy and the farmer first. The peace-time figures are illuminating. Whereas, in 1936, out of 12,000 to 13,000 new occupiers of our smaller agricultural holdings only one in twelve had (or could get) any sort of institutional training, the corresponding figure for Norway and Denmark—both intensively and skilfully farmed countries—was one in three or four. The Luxmoore Committee propose to remedy deficiencies and to secure co-ordination and uniformity in future by devoting more money—an extra £2,000,000 is suggested—to specifically agricultural education and by setting up a National Council to administer and co-ordinate it under the Ministry of Agriculture.

None of the great industries of modern times could have been brought to fruition on the many systems of free trade, tariffs or subsidies, or nourished on the rapid advances of science and technology, had it not been for the equivalent progress of education. The same is the case with farming. The plea for the keeping-up of a good sound general education is reinforced when we come to the case of the boy who, if he stays on the land, is likely to remain what is now called a "technical executive." The way must be open to him to take a share not only in management but in the responsibilities of ownership. The more he is taught to understand his job the better workman and the more contented he will be. But he has to fit himself into a world which is not likely to become more preponderantly agricultural; and he must be trained, if he is to be happy and successful, to be alert and alive to every side of life. The old ideas about "rural bias," in fact, need some reconsideration in these days. In his article on the *Control of Agriculture* on pages 754-5, Mr. L. F. Easterbrook discusses this very question. Are they wise who say "Give us the chance to train country people from childhood, and we will turn out efficient farmers, good countrymen and countrywomen, and through them create a living rural civilisation again"? It is an appealing argument, but, like Mr. Easterbrook, we wonder if it will hold water in the days to come. The segregation of rural education at a time when the interests of country and town are becoming more and more closely identified is not a matter to be lightly decided. Nor, if it comes to that, is the segregation of "agricultural" education as a whole

under the Ministry of Agriculture. If a proper balance is to be maintained in our national education, surely it is a bad thing that the responsible Board should not be handing over agricultural education, in effect, to the Ministry of Agriculture, but apparently preparing to hand over other kinds of technical education to the Ministry of Labour! The Hon. Mrs. Youard's reasoned arguments, in the minority Report, with regard to the position which the Board of Education and the Local Education authorities should occupy in post-war days are not to be lightly disregarded.

## "TWO VEG."

"TWO VEG." sounds dull—and too often is. Nor can much good be said of the backaches which form the chief yield of many kitchen gardens at this important season. Yet how much fascinating history and geography may be recalled by even the smallest plot, enriched as it must be by two or three millenia and three or four continents. Potatoes, introduced from the New World between 1550 and 1600, were little grown in Britain for nearly two centuries: "they may prove good for swine," wrote one wise man in 1708, and in 1719 Bradly remarked that they were of "less note than horse-radish, radish-scorzoners, beets and skirret." Even a century later, when firmly established, they were still being depreciated by Cobbett as "the lazy root," likely to prove the ruin of English agriculture. Our cabbages probably came from Rome: Cato thought that it was cabbages which enabled Rome to live 600 years without doctors. Brussels sprouts were already *spruyten* as early as 1213—and they did indeed come from Flanders. (The Jerusalem artichoke was carried,

## EASTER IN WAR-TIME

NOW is the season of resurrection. All is quick; all hears and answers. Only man, Entombed in his responsible will, hears not the distant summoning.

See where the celandine's small Phoebus-face Looks up from its narrow bed under the hedge, Fronting with bland, affirming smile the wide and blowing skies of Spring;

And here a wild violet tip-toes on the grass Like an alighting angel: frail as chance, Yet in its unequivocal love of life decisive as the sun.

Shall then these delicate and dauntless flowers Whose sensitive tips have rolled away the stone Achieve their Easter, Lord, and we alone miss the bright clarion?

No, humble our proud knees, and turn our wrists To water! Empty our hands of power, Leaving us only the strict purpose of these unambiguous buds!

And in our nakedness we shall arise And step forth from the tomb, unhesitant As this winged violet in the grass, this frank and smiling celandine.

C. HENRY WARREN.

via Canada, from Brazil.) Broccoli and cauliflower seem to have originated in Cyprus and to have travelled by Italy. Peas may well have come first from Asia, but it is to an early 19th-century squire, Thomas Andrew Knight, that we owe marrowfat peas, for he first produced what he termed "marrow peas." The broad bean, like the onion, was known to the ancient civilisation of Egypt, but French and runner beans are children of the New World. So, of course, are tomatoes, which, though known to Gerard, were still rare and quite unwanted by most English people less than 100 years ago! Lettuces were being eaten in Persia 2,500 years ago, and we know (from Cato again) that Rome probably had radishes nearly if not quite as soon. Asparagus was also cultivated in ancient Rome, and that which grew in Libya in the time of Athenæus was said to attain a length of 12 ft. and the thickness of large canes! From plebeian potato to aristocratic asparagus, there can be scarcely a plant in our vegetable gardens without its romance.

## THAMES EELS

WHETHER one has a special liking for that most succulent of Cockney dishes, the jellied eel, or would be content to wait until the times return (with the claret) for a *matelote d'anguilles Bordelaise*, there can be no two opinions as to the value of the eel as food. In spite of many silly prejudices, it is extremely good eating. Mr. Hudson as Minister of Fisheries was therefore only doing his duty when he pointed out to the Thames Conservancy that the development of the eel fisheries in the Thames was a matter of great potential economic importance. All our fresh-water fish, in fact (with few exceptions), might be used to much greater advantage than they are in these days; and this is particularly true of the eel, which has never lost its attraction for the public in spite of the decay of our own fisheries as the result of cheap imports from abroad. Now that Dutch eels are no more, it is only sensible to recall the days when the Broads and the Fenland rivers produced a rare harvest and other slow-moving streams of the south were scarcely less fruitful. The Ministry's suggestion to the Thames Conservancy was that they should put 6,000,000 eelers in the Thames each year for five or six years. As a beginning the Board has actually been able to obtain 400,000 and they have been duly consigned to the river at four points between Lechlade and Oxford. Let us hope the ultimate results may be as successful as those of the Windermere perch fisheries, another practical application of science to food production.

## A CUCKOO SIREN

A COAST town is said to be experimenting with a new kind of siren to sound like a cuckoo. If this be so "lhude sing cuku" may come true beyond the dreams of the anonymous author, who can never have contemplated a bird of goodness knows how many horse-power. What the real cuckoo would think of this monstrous member of its race we cannot tell; perhaps he would attack it as an eagle has been known to attack an aeroplane under a similar delusion. For us the new note might be always welcome at first after that which the Prime Minister once described as a banshee; but we grow a little tired of the genuine cuckoo with its limited repertory, and we should weary still more of one that was "Prophet, thing of evil! prophet still if bird or devil." One of the most charming of Hans Andersen's stories is that of the real and the artificial nightingale. For a while the jewelled bird, which was wound up and descanted nothing but waltzes, ousted the sweet singer of the greenwood. After a while, however, the machinery ran down and natural music came into its own again. We incline to the belief that much the same will happen in this instance.

## EASTER HOLIDAY

HOLIDAYS at home are all very well, but in Man, who is a mobile animal and no rooted vegetable, the longing to go on pilgrimages "When that Aprille with his showres swoote The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote," is surely healthy. Cannot we compromise at this season, which brings one, two, or even three days of holiday, and when even London suburbs have true delights? (How many really know Kew and Hampton Court, Richmond Park and Epping Forest?) A bus or train journey of less than 20 miles will take most of us to some area which is relatively strange to us personally, and worthy of being explored on foot. Some of those who live in the country may well be drawn citywards—to savour, for example, the loveliness of Oxford's gardens or to feel again the dream-like beauty of Salisbury's Close and cloisters. Or it may be possible to visit some market town or village which we have loved long since and lost awhile—Chipping Campden or Castle Combe, Eastleach or Lacock, Finchfield or Lavenham, Stoke Poges or Aynho. This is a possible week-end in which to see some of the first nightingales, and even a few notes of song might be heard—for in April the nightingales seem to sing more by day than by night.

# A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

THE Royal Society for the Protection of Birds have just sent me a reminder of their existence, as in these strenuous times one is apt to overlook the claims of what might be regarded as one of our peacetime activities. As existing members are aware the minimum annual subscription to the Society—5s.—carries with it copies of the quarterly, which in itself is worth considerably more than the sum contributed. I am reminding COUNTRY LIFE readers of the Society because it has occurred to me that as so many of us have, unfortunately, relatives or friends who are prisoners of war in Germany and Italy, who are endeavouring to kill time by studying ornithology, the Society's quarterly when obtainable is a most welcome addition to the reading matter of a prisoners' camp, and, being printed on quite excellent paper for these days, will stand up to being passed from hand to hand—as undoubtedly it will be. A subscription to the Society in the name of some bored exile in a foreign land will therefore kill two birds with one stone, which is a most unhappy simile to use in this connection.

In addition to the quarterly the Society publishes many illustrated pamphlets, but perhaps the most interesting of these are the beautifully illustrated coloured charts, which constitute what one might call "evidence as to character and antecedents of accused"; and the great majority of our birds come out of this test remarkably well. Under a studio portrait of the bird his benefits to mankind are marked with a red line of varying lengths, his neutral activities in green, and his harmful deeds in blue. I was sorry to see that my favourite bird, the green plover, was beaten by the kestrel in red marks by a slight margin of points due to the plover wasting his time eating neutral insects. On the other hand the former has a perfectly clean sheet as regards blue marks; whereas the latter has about two millimetres to his detriment, registering his small lapse from grace in the spring over the question of nestlings. As the last nestling I saw a kestrel eating happened to be a sparrow I should feel inclined to change the colour and add this to his red marks.

IN one of the very sound articles in COUNTRY LIFE recently on the future of local government there was just one suggestion which might cause trepidation among some people. This was the rough outline of a scheme for the appointment of a super-official class, so highly-paid and endowed with such powers that local councils would have to come into line with their views. I have come from a land where the words *mustakhdim* (official) and *mufattish* (inspector) sent the countryside into a flat spin; where the ordinary people went out into the streets and made low obeisance to this high and mighty member of the ruling classes; where no man breathed freely until the menace had departed; and where the official was oft-times a mean specimen of humanity, sprung from nothing, but very conscious of his omnipotence. I should hate to see dear old England suffering from a plague of this description.

One of the most refreshing things about this island of ours, as so many COUNTRY LIFE readers from overseas will agree, is that the official, despite the growth of democracy, is still so much the servant of the people and not a member of an exclusive all-powerful class, whose word is law and who holds our future in



BAMPTON GEESE: A SCENE ON THE VILLAGE GREEN AT BAMPTON, NEAR SHAP, WESTMORLAND

the hollows of his hands. When he calls at the house we can, if we like, leave him standing on the mat until it suits us to see him. We do not have to rush out at once, put dust on our heads and present him with a pair of chickens, a sucking pig or a turkey before we state our failings and our requirements. I am not suggesting that we do leave him on the mat—as a naturally polite people we do not—but the point is, if it suited us we could do so with no awful repercussions and dreadful aftermaths. It is extremely doubtful if the great mass of our people realise how happy they are to be free from the curse of officialdom, though possibly the last few years of war may have given them some hint of what it may mean when carried to excess, and what it does mean in almost every country but Great Britain.

A POINT with which one is in complete agreement with the writer of the article is that the essential services, water, gas, transport and electricity particularly, should not be in the hands of small companies more concerned with their dividends than with the general amenities of the local population. Under the existing system one may have, in one half of a county, an enterprising company charging a minimum per unit, and willing to make extensions in every direction in their efforts to expand their business. In the other half of the county there may be a most conservative corporation with no desire to enlarge their system, and concerned only with maintaining existing lines with the maximum charge for current to enable them to pay the usual dividend to their shareholders; and if any new circuit were constructed the local recipients of electricity would be expected to bear the cost of the line and poles. Perhaps one of the most incongruous features of Great Britain to-day is the varying rates and degrees of efficiency of the local water and light companies operating in different parts of the country.

I WISH that someone with more brain and general knowledge than a countryman possesses would explain to me and a goodly number of our readers why it is that compulsion is applied to something like two-thirds of the population, but not to the remaining one-third. We have compulsion for young men and young women to join the fighting services with drastic penalties for refusal; compulsion for older men to join the Home Guard with fines and imprisonment for failure to attend parades; compulsion

for farmers to cultivate certain fields with certain crops with punishment for non-compliance; compulsory fire-watching with the same regulations; and the great mass of the nation accept the situation and consider compulsion essential. Nevertheless we accept also the situation by which several thousand workers in a number of engineering works were able to go on strike for several days for higher wages, and the fact that our war effort was imperilled by the action, and production of munitions retarded, was not taken into account, as apparently their behaviour was considered to be quite in order. The only admonition they received was a remark to the effect that Russia would be very cross with them if she heard about it.

\* \* \*

AFTER two and a half years of war in Libya we were just beginning to learn the meaning of the Arabic place-names sufficiently to know if our army was fighting in an oasis, mountain or valley, when the scene of hostilities moved westward to Tunisia and Algeria where the French system of spelling Arabic words is entirely different from our own. The word *wadi* we had discovered meant a dry watercourse in which water flows during the rains, but, judging from the various *communiqués* about the hampering of our advance, *wadis* have now ceased to be dry and have turned into permanent rivers. The French method of spelling this word is *ouad*; and in the same way our oasis is with them *ouah*, which is, incidentally, more like the Arabic *wah*. Then we knew that *gebél* meant mountain, despite the fact that it was spelt in some *communiqués* as *jebel*, but now we must bear in mind that it is spelt *djebel*. The Arabs use this word to describe anything over 200 ft., and it may therefore be a mighty range of peaks running up to 5,000 ft. or an insignificant hill or plateau of one-tenth that height. For a conspicuous hillock standing by itself the Arabs use the word *tel*.

The *Chott el Djerid* would be spelt in the English fashion *Shatt el Gerid*, and means literally the shore of date palms. Here again there is some confusion, due to Arab nomenclature this time, for the place is a vast salt marsh, wet in winter and moderately dry in summer, and to the east, in Libya, such features are called *sabakha*. It will be remembered at our Alamein position our left flank was fixed on the impassable *sabakha* of the Qattara depression. *Ain*, pl. *Ayun*, spelt the same way in English and French, is a spring, while *bir* is a well, and



*sidi* means that the place is named after a holy man whose tomb is in the vicinity.

The place where some of our soldiers may find amusement when things quieten down a little is El Guettar, angl.: *Qatta*, if the spot lives up to its name, as this is the Arabic word for sand grouse. The salt marsh to the south of the village is called Chott el Guettar, and one can only conclude the birds come there in great numbers in the mornings. The sand grouse is actually more closely related to the pigeon than the grouse, but obtained his inappropriate name through the feathering on his legs which is suggestive of the Highland bird. He comes in from the desert in big coveys to water every morning about an hour after sun-up, signalling his approach by his rattling cry *qatta-qatta-qatta*, and as he swoops down to the pool provides an opportunity for very sporting quick shots.

\* \* \*

ALTHOUGH my ignorance of the cinema world may be described as abysmal, I acted once as a director of a film, and my showing on that occasion has convinced me that never in this world shall I see my name flashed upon the screen during that interminable period before a picture starts when some 60 names, nearly all ending in "stein" or "ski"

are shown as playing a prominent part in the staging or direction of the production.

The much-advertised film of T. E. Lawrence and the Arab Revolt, which never materialised, was to be staged in Sinai for many of the scenes for the reason that Sinai was more accessible than Arabia, and the scenery the same.

I had been approached as to the possibility of collecting Bedouin for this picture, and at this moment another company, as represented by a strolling cameraman and two assistants, arrived and asked me if I could manage a Bedouin raid for a short picture—"short" I believe is the correct term. As there were a large number of tribesmen in at headquarters for a big blood-feud case, I said lightheartedly that this would be possible. I called the sheikhs and sub-sheikhs to coffee, explained the idea, and, finding them quite enthusiastic, staged one rehearsal with a few retainers which went off quite well.

\* \* \*

THE following morning the cameraman arrived to find the stage set—a Bedouin encampment sleeping peacefully, the girls of the tribe out in the middle distance with grazing flocks of goats and sheep, and in the foreground, by the tents, the men making coffee and the women grinding corn. What a glorious thing

it is to be a man in the Bedouin world! The operator was thrilled, but while the camera was swinging from side to side shooting this pastoral scene things began to happen very suddenly, and over the rise came, galloping furiously and much too soon, the raiders from the opposing tribe. I think this was the last length of film the cameraman got off, and I am not certain if this was a success, as I saw him legging it for his life with galloping raiders all round him.

The battle on foot which then took place was one of the finest pieces of acting I have ever seen, but perhaps acting is not the correct word to use, for after the first exchange of blows it developed into the real thing. The trouble was that things moved so rapidly in a southerly direction that it was quite impossible for the operator to keep up with them, and thrilling mêlées, with drawn swords, and furiously fighting men with police intervening, passed out of range before the focusing had been completed. The battle royal travelled up the valley, disappeared round the corner of the sand dunes and continued all night—and so far as I know is still continuing. I suppose it was optimistic of me to stage a scene like this between two tribes among whom a blood feud already existed—after all, one can overdo realism.

## BEDFORDSHIRE LACE-MAKERS

By BEA HOWE

IN Great Barford, Bedfordshire, I have been watching Mrs. Cave making pillow-lace. Her wooden and ivory bobbins went click-clack as she threw them skilfully from one side of her pillow. Now she pushed a fresh pin into the parchment; now she removed one. All the time, under the direction of her age-thickened but still supple fingers, the design developed; one could see the lace growing stitch by stitch. As I watched, it seemed that the neatly-aproned figure, with smoothly-parted silver hair, seated before me intent on her work, became one of a great nameless company of little old ladies who have kept the art of pillow-lace-making alive in Bedfordshire.

All along the valley of the slow-winding Ouse, from Buckingham to Bedford, from Bedford to Huntingdon, they can still be found living in villages bearing mild and milky names

given to them by a soft-spoken people who are slow and conservative in both their habits and speech. There are names like Pavenham, Harrold, Odell, and Turvey. Now and then comes one of a more astringent quality like Great Barford, Elstow or Clapham. They live in old brown cottages of stone and thatch, or of colour-washed brick shading from pale cream to deep terra cotta or strawberry.

There is no art so simple-looking but intricate as lace-making. Lace is not, like embroidery, an ornamented fabric. It is itself ornament. It can only be learnt with infinite patience, through hard trial and perseverance. And with it go, hand in hand, the virtues of methodical exactness and bodily cleanliness. Delicacy of touch and delicacy of invention are inherent in the personal make-up of a good lace-maker. There is history in the art, the history of inherited instincts and tradition; and

romance, not a little mysterious. And there is tragedy. For the story of lace-making begins with bloodshed and oppression and ends in poverty and tears.

In 1563, owing to Spain's occupation of the Low Countries upon which followed religious persecution, thousands of Flemings made their way to England. Lace-makers for the most part, many coming from Mechlin, settled at Cranfield in Bedfordshire. There the fine ladies of Ampthill and Woburn saw, with astonished delight, marvellous webs of spider-thread fineness, and an industry began, a fashion started, which was to sweep England, the demand at first far exceeding the output. Curiously, too, the Flemings introduced not only "parchment lace" as it was first called, but many of our now very common vegetables like carrots, turnips, cabbages and celery. Incidentally these took equally good root in Bedfordshire



THE OLD BEDFORDSHIRE LACE VILLAGE. ODELL





TWELVE BEDFORDSHIRE LACE-WORKERS OF A PAST GENERATION. All over 80 years of age: combined ages 1,007 years

soil, which is counted to-day one of the best market-gardening districts in the country.

Some years later, after the terrible Protestant massacres in Paris at the Feast of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572, came a second exodus. The Huguenot lace-makers of Lille now joined the Flemish Mechlin workers settled comfortably in Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire. So the characteristic designs of these two famous English lace counties are a combination of the two older Continental laces, Mechlin and Lille. Many anglicised forms of French names are found in Bedfordshire's parish registers. There is Francy and Cayles, for instance, at Cranfield; Le Fevre at Harrold; Dudeney (Dieu donné) at Bedford.

The popularity of lace was in its ascendancy during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In many a great house a room called a frippery was set apart for the preservation of beautiful objects, including lace. The Royal House of Stuart were all great wearers of English

lace. Under Charles II's patronage the industry flourished, for it was protected from foreign competition. This was the age of the lace cravat and fontange; of the Steinkirk; of weeping ruffles and laced jabots. Children were christened in lace, young men and women married in it, even old people buried. As for highwaymen, they were hanged in lace.

To cope with the great demand, the lace schools were founded. At Wootton in Bedfordshire and at Elstow there were lace schools; at Turvey, too, where the position of one is indicated to-day by a row of cottages in Nell Lane still called "the Lace Cottages." Boys and girls attended them from the age of five to fifteen. Neatly-dressed with bare necks and arms so that they could be slapped more easily, they came, to sit on four-legged stools, their pillows partly supported by their scraggy little knees and partly by "The Lady" or "The Maid" as the three-legged pillow-horse, or supporter, is called.

These children were the forbears of the present elderly lace-makers of Bedfordshire. Cowper, the poet, often told their story in verse and prose while he was living at Olney. Learning the first simple stitches of their craft called the pea, the ninepin, and the town trot, the plaited stone and diamond, before they could write and read, smacked and scolded, their noses often rubbed hard on to the glistening pin-heads of their pillows which were their only toys, they became the competent lace-makers who have handed down, from father to son, from mother to daughter, secrets of design and traditional manual skill which otherwise might have been lost.

At the lace schools a child's proficiency was estimated by the number of pins he or she could place in an hour. To assist them in their counting, little chants or pieces of doggerel verse came to be invented. These were called lace tells. Here is an early one:

Dingle, dangle, farthing candle,  
Put you in the stinking dog's hole,  
For thirty-one speak or look off for sixty-two.

The child who looked off her work, or spoke, during the "glum" from 31 to 62 received the punishment of another "glum" of 31 pins. The glad cry of relief when the work was done is expressed in this little verse:

Tip and stitch turn over  
Let it be hay or clover  
My glum's done.

A glum was the silence or space of time kept while the requisite number of pins were stuck into the pillow. Lace tells are an odd mixture usually of local legend and history with an element of nursery rhyme about them. Some are pure Edward Lear. The Bedfordshire lace tells differ completely from those used in Buckinghamshire. They turn less on bones and gibbets and hangman's tales than on the neatness of a lace-maker's appearance or the wisdom

in choosing a pretty "Bedfordshire" girl to be your wife. *No Wife Like a Lace-maker* comes from Wootton. *The Roving Blade* from Bromham. The following was sung by the children in the lace school of Renhold:

Needle-pin, needle-pin, stitch upon stitch  
Work the old lady out of the ditch,  
If she is not out as soon as I,  
A rap on the knuckle shall come by and by.  
A horse to carry my lady about  
Must not look off till twenty are out.

A count of 20 pins then took place and if anyone looked up, a voice called out: "Hang her up for half an hour. Cut her down just like a flower." But the child referred to, sticking another pin, might reply with spirit:

I won't be hung for half an hour,  
I won't be cut down like a flower.

Owing to the influence of the various Factory Acts and the legislation for elementary



A LACE PILLOW WITH A SET OF BOBBINS

A piece of lace is in course of being made



CANDLE-STOOL AND HUTCH FOR HOLDING FLASK

The globes filled with water are primitive lenses to increase the light

education, the lace schools of Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire were closed between 1871 and 1880. Another era had begun. Machine-made lace of all types was easier and cheaper to produce than those created by painstaking hand. To-day a lace-maker can earn, in wages, little above 5s. a week, hard as she might work and long.

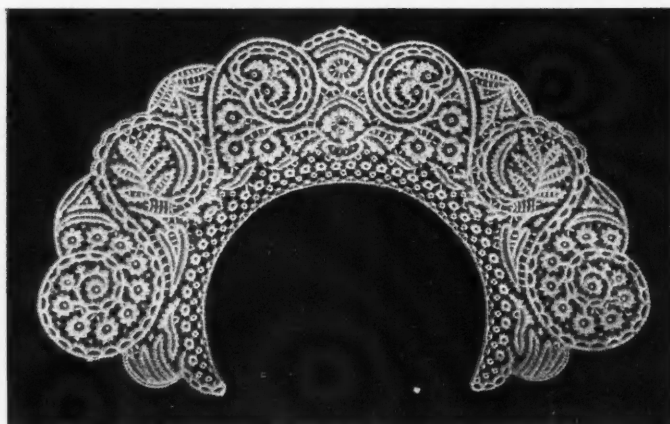
Naturally, the craft as a sole means of income has been put on one side. The little old ladies of Bedfordshire merely make lace to-day to supplement their husbands' or their own small incomes, while our own generation won't even bother to learn such a difficult craft to employ it, in the end, only as a side-line.

All that pertains to the old lace-maker's trade and equipment is steeped in tradition, with a folk-lore of its own. Nearly always a large wooden box known as a lace chest is a treasured family possession. It has two parts: the upper for holding "the pillow" when not in use, and the lower which consists of a drawer holding the bobbins and old yellowed parchments marked by the lace-designs, sometimes centuries old. One sees traced on them, as in filigree, designs of periwinkle, tulip, and rose; of honey-combs and spiders' webs; of wheat-sheaves and feathers—emblems all homely but delicate. One Bedfordshire lace-maker is supposed to have traced her parchment designs from the touches of frost on her window-panes!

The bobbins themselves are little works of art, made of delicate bone or hard wood, crude or delicately carved, painted or plain, and reminiscent in shape of a miniature stair-baluster. On the lower end is wired a ringlet of beads, called a spangle. There are one to nine beads threaded on it coloured soft rose, bright turquoise, a milky plum or clear amber. Special types exist. One is called a bird-cage spangle, having one large beautiful bead suspended like some gaudy bird within a cage of tiny ones. Bobbins were either carved at home by the men-folk or bought from a travelling dealer. The majority of them were used as love-tokens. Those carved at home were usually made of rosewood, maple, yew, apricot, box or ebony, but never of bone, for that smacked of the passing peddler.

Inscriptions are found on them, quaint and loving. There are passionate declarations; recordings of family births, deaths and weddings; sweet nonsensical rhymes; hopes and fears; snatches of song; a young man's earnest prayer. One old Bedfordshire lace-maker always put the name of any murderer hung in Bedford Gaol on hers, having a love, it seems, for the *macabre*.

Looking at the gay bobbins and plain that decorated Mrs. Cave's pillow with their inscriptions of "My Dear I Love You" and "Jonathan Cave," "Sophia Cave 1836," one seemed to be



#### MADE FROM A RARE OLD PATTERN

following a family tale that had no beginning and no end but on this pillow. The intimate history of generations was enshrined in it.

"Yes, that was my mother's mother's bobbin," said Mrs. Cave as I touched a particularly slender one, stained green, and marked simply with the name Lydia. "And this one"—she pulled out a bobbin faintly tattooed in blue and red which brought winging to memory those magical words "Nothing of him doth fade But doth suffer a sea-change Into something rich and strange." For among the beads of the spangle was threaded a tiny silver anchor and minute pieces of coral.

"Yes, that one," I prompted, for Mrs. Cave was looking at it silently.

"That one," she repeated softly, "belonged to my great-aunt Santa. 'Don't Cry for Me,' it says. And she never did so far as I can recollect. Dry-eyed she stayed, till her death, with her lovely lissom fingers always making lace. Beautiful lace. The best in our family. For the sailor-lad she loved—he was drowned at sea, miss."

To-day, in Bedford's old junk shops one can see dozens of wooden bobbins, lying in dusty heaps, priced at 1s. 6d. the bundle. There they lie, discarded and idle. Each one might tell a tale, but each one, ignored and outcast, remains silent.

Still, there is a sunny as well as a shadowed side to a lace-maker's life, and it was not always sheer hard work or a sharp switch across the knees for the children at the lace schools. At least once a year there was a day of feasting and holiday. This was called Tanders (St. Andrew's Day, November 30) or in Bedfordshire Catterns (St. Catherine's Day, November 25), St. Catherine being the patron saint of all spinners to whom good lace-makers consider themselves related. At Amptill, whose manor gave hospitality to Katharine of Aragon of Kat Stitch fame during her protracted divorce proceedings, Cattern cakes, made of dough and caraway seeds, were baked that day

and eaten. At Podington (North-west Bedfordshire) they kept Cattern by "wetting the candle-block"—in other words, by all taking tea together and eating Cattern cakes, then dancing to the music of a fiddle and crowning the evening by consuming a great apple pie.

At the charming village of Turvey, figs were eaten. At Stevington, Tanders cake, and the drink, hot elderberry wine. At Elstow the mistress of the lace school allowed her pupils to invite their sweethearts and she opened the evening's festivities by entering the room, carrying in each hand a firepot filled with methylin, crying: "Tan, my boys, Tan."

Another old custom preserved in all the lace-making villages was Cut-off day when the lace was removed from the pillow and carried

to the lace-buyer or his agent who generally met the workers at the village inn. Round Bedford, the people took it direct to the shop of Mr. Thomas Lester, who was something of an autocrat. In his shop was a drawer which was usually left open an inch or two, and if the lace was not well done, he would take the maker's hand and deliberately pinch her fingers in the drawer. On the other hand, if the lace was well done she would be praised and rewarded with the present of a bobbin dotted with the words Thomas Lester.

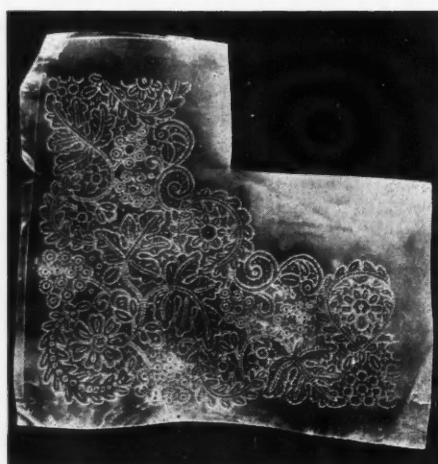
Recently, a bomber flew across the Atlantic carrying a strange load. Not of bombs, but of lace.

I had the privilege of seeing a part of this wonderful collection which has been shown in New York, Washington and Chicago under the auspices of the British War Relief Society and which has been the means of raising funds to aid and clothe the poor families of junior officers who are serving in His Majesty's Forces. As I looked at those priceless pieces of Venetian rose point and filmy light Mechlin, and at our own superb Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, I thought of the poor lace-makers of the past who had made such a collection possible. Pale ghosts, at my elbow, they rose, victims of poverty, under-nourishment, and wretched living conditions, and still earlier of religious persecution. In spite of all this, they have survived triumphant, defeating even the tooth of destructive time, for lace such as they made will never be seen again.

As a link, there remains only the figure of such little old ladies as Mrs. Cave of Great Barford, seated at her pillow, with the sun glinting down on her silvery hair and on her still supple, flicking fingers. It is a very frail link. One day, this link with others similar will snap. What will happen then to the beautiful old tale of lace-making in England? Are we to write *finis*, or, after the war, can it be that another, and not unworthy, chapter may be written?



(Left) A GROUP OF OLD BOBBINS.



(Centre) THE SKIN PATTERN FOR AN ELABORATE HANDKERCHIEF.  
(Right) IN 6-SLIP THREAD





# OWLS IN THE HOUSE

By W. K. HOLMES

WE did not become owl-keepers, or shall I say owl-hosts, by intention; the birds were thrust upon us either for first-aid after some injury, or for up-bringing from the fledgling state. My mother's reputation as a bird-nurse had been won by her treatment of a succession of smaller birds brought to her by people who had found them fallen from their nests or otherwise in distress. Loving experiment and long experience taught her much—among other things that on the whole the best food for most young birds was barley meal made up into soft boluses, and that water was best administered from the end of a camel-hair paint-brush.

Our family doctor, of a type now almost vanished, was a fanatically enthusiastic nature-lover, and every feathered waif he came across while cycling on his wide rural rounds he brought to our house for care. Young or injured thrushes, blackbirds, swifts, starlings, jackdaws, received treatment and hospitality—and in most cases amply repaid it by confidence and affection. Some settled down for long residence; some recovered and, old enough to look after themselves, returned to their native haunts; some died with us.

## REAL AFFECTION

The first of the owls was a novelty in many ways. Experience with other birds was not much use in its case—except that it had impressed on us the fact that practically every living thing seems aware of kind intention. Affection between an owl and a human being may seem an unlikely sentiment, with even an element of incongruity, but, if ever creatures were affectionate, it was that first owl and some of his successors and companions.

In our part of Scotland the tawny owl was by far the commonest variety, and we entertained, over a period of many years, a succession of them, with one barn-owl and one little long-eared owl for variety.

The barn-owl was brought with a broken leg. Our doctor friend set the limb and put on a splint; when, after a week or two, the bird began to peck at the splint, it was removed, and the leg was perfectly cured. The recovered patient, a full-grown bird, went fanning out through an open door one evening, and did not appear again.

The long-eared owl—fierce little beauty, with glorious yellow irises that must have made his eyes terrifying to smaller creatures—was more seriously injured, and did not long survive.

As a rule, if one of our old residents escaped, it did not go far, and, on being recovered, seemed genuinely glad to be back; its thin and bedraggled appearance suggested that it had lost the knack of looking after itself in the competitive world.

## MICE BY POST

Their mode of life with us was after this manner. I will consider the long period when we had four at once—four which did not always entirely agree among themselves. Their days were passed in large cages in the green shade of the garden trees; each cage had a cover which, if the sun was too bright, could be spread to afford extra shade and shelter. Though they did not perhaps stare into the sunlight, they certainly liked sometimes to turn their backs to it and bask! At times, while they were thus in the garden, the local small birds gathered round and a lot of noisy scolding went on. In the evening they were given the freedom of the kitchen premises for an hour or two. They did not seem to want to fly about much; an occasional flit round the room seemed to satisfy their desire for exercise, and as a rule there was little difficulty in inducing them to return.

Mice and small birds are the tawny owl's natural food, but these were seldom available in sufficient quantities. Besides, we did not want to invite contributions of little birds, lest the local urchins should be incited to special slaughter.

Friends would bring the mice they had killed in traps; we have even received gifts of

mice by post! Mice the owls swallowed whole, the tail sometimes hanging out for a few minutes awaiting a final gulp. Young rats were acceptable, but full-grown specimens, unless prepared by the cracking of the larger bones, were rather too much for the birds. At harvest-time we used to have some rather gruesome parcels handed in—rats killed in the neighbourhood!

The most satisfactory food, steadiest in supply, proved to be the heads and necks of poultry, but, before these were given, it was necessary that the bones should be well broken up. Preparing the owls' meals was the most unpleasant task associated with them, and yet perhaps it was no more unpleasant than drawing a chicken for human consumption! Water was of course always provided in their cages.

Some owl-keepers think liver adequate



Eric J. Hoshing

## BARN-OWL

food, but our experience refuted their opinion. The owl, like other birds of prey, requires fur and feather and bone to aid in its digestive processes; what is not digested is returned in the form of oblong pellets.

This seems a suitable point at which to remark that, notwithstanding the nature of their diet, owls are naturally clean creatures. Thanks to constant attention to the state of their cages, no unpleasant smells were associated with our pets.

They like to be clean, personally clean. These birds would enjoy a bath, though, owlish temperaments differing, some splashed more heartily than others. After a gentle sprinkling to indicate what was on the programme, they would scabble and splash in shallow water just as sparrows will. A thoroughly wet owl is a comic spectacle, for, the bird's apparent bulk consisting mostly of feathers, it shrinks astonishingly when thoroughly drenched, and reveals the fact that the owl's body is very much smaller than anybody who has never handled one might suppose.

Funny they might look, but they did not like being laughed at; one of ours showed quite plainly that its feelings were hurt by open amusement. I have known horses as sensitive; and of course many dogs are.

The owl's fluffiness is remarkable. A close inspection gives a clue to the silence of the bird's flight; it is difficult to imagine anything softer and lighter. An owl can fly across the room without occupants being aware of it, but for the sudden draught!

It may seem strange, but it is true that some of our owls loved to be petted like cats. Others were rather more standoffish. The beauty we had longest—and that was for more than 20 years—enjoyed being nursed on my mother's knee, thoroughly relaxed and at home. I have seen her having a doze in an armchair,

with that owl snuggled up by her ear, asleep too, and, moreover, snoring.

The owls' noisiest time was, generally speaking, not, fortunately, in the middle of the night, but at dusk. Their hootings and shrieks frequently attracted wild members of the species to the trees by the house, and sometimes the noise was almost scandalous!

The tawny owl's voice is capable of a wide range of sounds, from the melancholy, musical tu-whit to a frenzied outburst with a positively blood-curdling climax. In response to friendly human noises our oldest owl would produce gentle little sounds soft as the voice of a dove.

Several of the birds seemed to be oddly prejudiced against the male sex, but doubtless the truth was that it happened that they were less familiar with human beings in trousers than with those in petticoats. My mother and sister had a great deal more to do with them than I, for I was only intermittently at home, and they would greet my approach with fluffed-out feathers and a sharp, hard cracking snap with their beaks; produced I cannot say how, but a notable sign of displeasure. If, however, I donned an apron, thus concealing my trousers, the birds made no demonstration of disapproval. One of them invariably began to hoot when the auld kirk bell rang, though whether in applause or annoyance it was impossible to guess!

## END OF A HAPPY LIFE

The veteran lived a healthy, happy life, and passed away very peacefully. Without anything really wrong, he gradually grew weaker, and found it more and more of an effort to jump from the cage's floor to the perch. Presently he gave up trying, and then one morning he was found lying permanently still, huddled in a corner. It was pathetic to notice how, as long as he could move, he would follow with his gaze my mother or sister as they moved about the room.

As these birds were a pleasure, so they were a responsibility. Feeling that responsibility seriously, my mother refused to leave them in somebody else's charge when we went on our annual summer holiday. The owls went too! I question if ever there were tawny owls so widely travelled; some of ours spent holidays in various places in the Highlands, the Lake District and Wales.

This involved a considerable amount of trouble and organisation. The birds were carried by hand, in well-ventilated covered baskets; they were frequently talked to and given drinks of water *en route*. They did not seem seriously upset by travelling. Their big cages went in the luggage van. On one occasion a special charge was made for the cages, the railway official refusing to accept the plea that the cages were the birds' personal luggage.

Always, though sometimes only after a good deal of exploration and persuasion, we found a loft, shed or outhouse, where the big cages could stand, and we had no reason to believe that the owls did not enjoy and benefit by the change of air and scene.

## SEARCH FOR FOOD

Their feeding in strange places proved, as a rule, less troublesome than we anticipated. Indeed, the odd request for "chickens' heads for owls" caused usually little astonishment. Occasionally we found that we were not pioneer owl-keepers in the neighbourhood. I have, however, once or twice when emergencies arose, spent hours going round shops and hotels with the strange enquiry, but in almost every case I got sympathy, even if chickens' heads were not available.

Having known owls so intimately we are quite unable to understand the almost superstitious feeling of some people with regard to them. And the poet's epithet "moping" seems quite inappropriate; certainly the owl sits long silent and motionless, which makes him restful, dignified company, but our friendship with such a sensible, affectionate, placid specimen as that veteran I have described suggests that "meditative" would seem more just.





1.—AUGUSTINE  
COURTAULD  
(1686-1751)



2.—LOUISA  
COURTAULD,  
ATTRIBUTED  
TO ZOFFANY  
(CIRCA 1729-  
1807)

## SILVER WROUGHT BY THE COURTAULD FAMILY

By E. ALFRED JONES

AS Macaulay said, the French Huguenots were not refugees such as a country can well spare. They were generally persons of intelligent minds, of industrious habits, and of austere morals. In the list are to be found names eminent in war, in science, in literature, in art. Silk manufactures were started by them in Spitalfields.

The tale of the goldsmiths of Huguenot antecedents in England is a spirited story. Refugee goldsmiths (those who fled as trained craftsmen), and the London-born goldsmith descendants of refugees, as well as pewterers, suffered marked hostility from some London goldsmiths of English birth. For example, in 1703, John Bodington and William Fawdery, both much employed by the goldsmith-banker, Sir Richard Hoare, in making plate for persons of quality, and four other prominent goldsmiths petitioned the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths to "use their endeavours to prevent certain Frenchmen becoming free" of the City of London. In the face, however, of the envy and opposition of these London craftsmen, the Anglo-French goldsmiths, as they may be conveniently called, thrived exceedingly, and enjoyed the encouragement of William III, Queen Anne and George I, and of the nobility and wealthy merchants. Indeed, William III and Mary issued a Declaration in 1689, encouraging the French Protestant refugees to transport themselves here.

Earlier Huguenot goldsmiths in London included such skilled craftsmen as Pierre Harache, father and son; David Willaume and his son of the same name; Pierre Platel, master of Paul de Lamerie; Nicholas Clausen, maker of the silver throne for Peter the Great (in the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg, when last seen by the writer); Lewis Mettayer, maker of plate for the Speaker of the House of Commons; Daniel Garnier and Simon Pantin, much of whose admirable work lives after them.

The story of the success of three generations of one family of goldsmiths is one of the most engrossing in the history of the ancient art and mystery of the goldsmith in London. It has lately been told by Mr. Samuel Augustine Courtauld in *Silver Wrought by the Courtauld Family* (privately printed), who has illustrated as much of his ancestors' biographies as has been discoverable with a large representation of their work now in the possession

of members of the family. Since its publication several additional pieces of great merit have come to light, some of which are illustrated here.

The story begins with the flight from France, shortly after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, of Augustine Courtauld (died 1706), a Huguenot refugee, whose son of the same name (1686-1751) was concealed in a basket of vegetables. The boy was apprenticed in 1701 to a Huguenot refugee, the worthy goldsmith, Simon Pantin (himself an apprentice of an eminent Huguenot exile, Pierre Harache) and at the termination of his apprenticeship in 1708 determined to be a master goldsmith and accordingly registered his mark at Goldsmiths Hall. Shortly afterwards he was naturalised by enrolment.

His brother Peter was likewise apprenticed to Simon Pantin in 1705. Although Augustine must have made much large plate earlier in his career, his earliest extant work is a set of three pleasant pear-shaped casters of traditional shape, 1710-11, engraved with the arms of Fychet, in the possession of the Courtauld family.

From his prosperous workshops in Church Street, St. Martin's Lane, from 1708, and in Chandos Street from 1729 until 1751, came many delightful things for household use, such as coffee-pots and a pair of plain and solid octagonal candlesticks, 1716-17, inscribed as a gift to a member of the Lane family, from Lady Elizabeth de Nassau Zuylesteyn, whose father accompanied the Prince of Orange to England, and was created Earl of Rochford in 1695. An enviable piece is a plain kettle and stand, 1719-20 (Fig. 3), in the collection of Mr. S. Augustine Courtauld, of the early pear-shape, not improbably copied from one of the date 1713-14 by Augustine Courtauld's master, Simon Pantin, belonging to Mr. Stephen L. Courtauld.

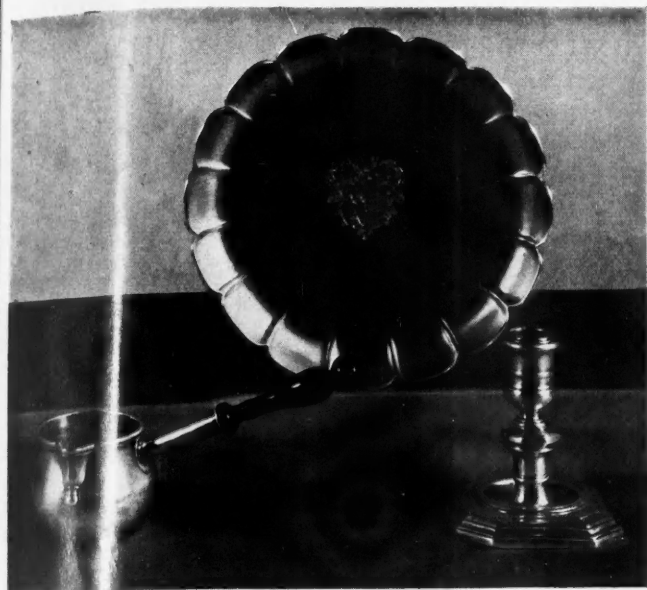
Two important things by Augustine Courtauld outside England are an inkstand, 1730-31, and a plain tea-table, 1742-43, both acquired with much other English silver by the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. When last seen by the writer they were respectively in the Winter Palace at Leningrad and in the Kremlin at Moscow.

Two particularly good specimens, dated 1724-25 and 1725-26 of the massive two-handled cups and covers, enriched with the familiar strapwork popular in the first half of the eighteenth century, and much practised by the goldsmiths of Huguenot antecedents, were made by Augustine Courtauld. By him also is an impressive salver, 19½ ins. in diameter, chased with ornament attributed to Hogarth, but executed in 1732-33, some years after he had abandoned the minor art of engraving silver for higher forms of art.

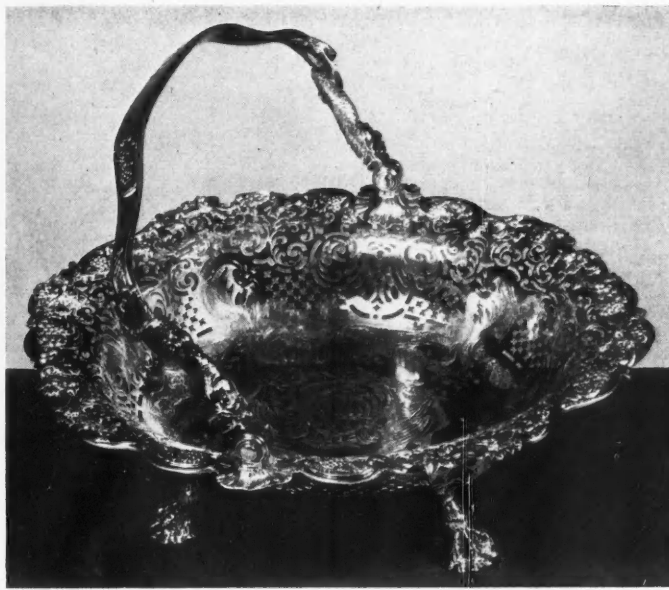
Among the charming fashions followed by this talented goldsmith was the silver of plain octagonal form, so much affected by London goldsmiths for about 50 years in the reigns of Queen Anne, George I and George II, and especially about 1718. A fine caster of this shape, 1722-23, probably part of a set of three, belongs to Mr. Stephen L. Courtauld (Fig. 6). The



3.—KETTLE AND STAND. 1719-20. Augustine Courtauld. Collection of S. A. Courtauld



4.—BRANDY SAUCEPAN. 1724-25. STRAWBERRY DISH. Diam. 7½ ins. 1720-21. CANDLESTICK. Height 3½ ins. 1723-24. All by Augustine Courtauld



5.—CAKE-BASKET. 1744-45. Length 13½ ins., width 11½ ins., height 4 ins. By Augustine Courtauld. Figs. 4 and 5 in the collection of Stephen L. Courtauld

State Salt of 1730-31 at the Mansion House is one of Augustine's historical pieces.

Augustine Courtauld was pre-eminent in the craft of making silver toys. Several specimens of these trifles, displaying the popular form of large plain plate in the reigns of the above-mentioned sovereigns, are in the collection of members of the Courtauld family. As evidence of his prosperity, there is not only the considerable quantity of plate bearing his marks, but also the fact that he had as many as four apprentices: namely, his son Samuel, Louis Onvry, Isaac Ribouleau and Francis David Quenouault, all of Huguenot families.

He died in 1751, in the same year as Paul de Lamerie, in Chandos Street, and was buried at St. Luke's, Chelsea, a man of considerable property. In his will he left all his utensils and patterns belonging to and used in his craft to his son and successor, Samuel.

His son, Samuel (1720-65), was apprenticed to him for seven years in 1734, and during his short life as a goldsmith wrought many attractive things—sauce-boats, a tankard and other vessels.

Samuel's beautiful widow, Louisa Perina, continued the business of goldsmith at his workshop at No. 21, Cornhill, from 1765 until 1768. Her precise function cannot be determined, but the conjecture may perhaps be safely made that the actual craftsmen were the

journeymen of her husband. The fact that she registered a mark at Goldsmiths Hall is, however, proof of her calling. It is formed of her initials LC in the appropriate device of a lozenge, as used in the arms of spinsters and widows. An unusual mug with date-letter for 1766-67 is stamped with this mark (Fig. 8).

In 1768 Louisa Courtauld took into partnership one George Cowles (died 1811), silversmith, and their joint mark of the initials LC and GC appears on several pieces of interest, including some candlesticks, 1769-70 at Queens' College, Cambridge. The partnership continued until 1777, when her son Samuel joined her as the representative of the third generation of the line of Courtauld goldsmiths in London. Louisa died at Clapton in 1807, and was buried in the parish church in Spitalfields.

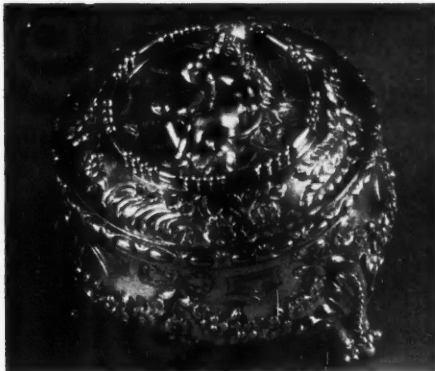
An outstanding example of plate with the mark of Louisa and her son, Samuel Courtauld, is a large silver-gilt cup, 1778-79, decorated in the style of Robert Adam, made for John FitzGibbon (1748-1802), Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Samuel Courtauld the younger abandoned the family business and settled in America, where he died in Delaware.

Since the publication of Mr. S. Augustine Courtauld's book, Mr. Stephen L. Courtauld has made several pleasant additions to his collection. By Augustine are two plain strawberry dishes of solid workmanship, wrought in

1719-20 and 1720-21, a pair of writing-table candlesticks, 1723-24 and a small brandy saucepan, 1724-25 (Fig. 4), and a snuffer-tray, 1726-27. By him also is a bread- or cake-basket of distinctive quality, with pierced sides, a jointed handle, richly chased, on four elaborate shell, scroll and claw feet, wrought in 1744-45 (Fig. 5).

The workshop of his son Samuel is represented by a most unusual epergne and cruet combined, fitted with a plain frame and four branches, and one large and four small cut-glass baskets with decorated silver rims; the bottom of the frame is pierced. At one time it had four glass cruet bottles, but these are missing. A fact of not inconsiderable interest is that it is marked with Samuel Courtauld's well-known major mark, and a small mark of his initials only S. C. in a rectangle.

The last additions (Fig. 7) are two silver-gilt circular boxes of great rarity, dating from 1763-64, enriched on the covers with an infant and a cherub in different postures, and with flowers, foliage and palms in relief. Embossed on the side are festoons of flowers suspended from knots; they stand on three foliated and scrolled feet. Pricked upon them are the figures 72 and 73, which are suggested as those of the numbers of a toilet service once in the Imperial Collection of Russia. Nothing is known of their history except that they came from the Baltic provinces.



(Left) 6.—SUGAR-CASTER. 1722-23. Augustine Courtauld. Height 8½ ins. Stephen L. Courtauld

(Above) 7.—SILVER-GILT BOX, ONE OF A PAIR. 1763-64. Diameter 3½ ins., height 3½ ins. By Samuel Courtauld the elder. Collection of Stephen L. Courtauld

(Right) 8.—MUG. 1766-67. Louisa Courtauld. Height 5½ ins. Sir W. J. Courtauld, Bt.







1.—ENCLOSED BY ITS SQUARE WALL. THE MANOR HOUSE BESIDE THE CHURCH

## MELLS, SOMERSET—I: THE MANOR HOUSE

THE HOME OF THE HON. MRS. ASQUITH

*Identified in popular fallacy with Little Jack Horner's plum, the house is the remaining wing of an Elizabethan mansion which replaced a grange of the abbots of Glastonbury, and was restored by the late Sir John and Lady Horner in 1900*

THERE are highly circumstantial interpretations of the nursery rhyme of Little Jack Horner: how he was the wicked steward of the last abbot of Glastonbury, bidden at the time of the Dissolution to carry a present of a great pie to an influential person, and

that on investigation he discovered the pie to contain the title deeds of Mells, which he thereupon appropriated. A Horner did acquire the manor, which his descendants have held ever since, soon after the dissolution of Glastonbury. But, as so often happens, closer examination controverts popular tradition. The Horner who first possessed Mells was not named John but Thomas; he was squire of the adjoining manors of Cloford and Leigh-on-Mendip; according to Leland, who visited the place at the time, a Crown agent occupied Mells after the dissolution, pending a purchaser coming forward; and the original conveyance is preserved by which Thomas Horner bought Mells in hard cash in 1543.

As to the rhyme, like that of Mother Hubbard it is really a fragment of a forgotten saga, a chap-book entitled *The Pleasant History of Jack Horner. Containing the witty Pranks he play'd from his Youth to his riper years*. The verses, occupying 20 pages, specifically contradict Somerset connections:

Jack Horner was a pretty lad  
Near London he did dwell . . .  
And in the corner he would sit  
In Christmas holidays.

He goes out to service with a knight, plays a prank with a magic basin, kills a giant, and marries the knight's daughter. The basin episode shows that this 16th-century story derives from a much earlier ballad *The Basyn* which exists in a MS. of about 1300 in the Cambridge Library, and in which Jack's miraculous basin is instrumental in detecting a priest with his paramour. An even earlier Saxon origin has been claimed for the theme.

An authentic local jingle, more to the point, records that

Wyndham, Horner, Popham, and Thynne,  
When the abbots went out, they came in,

alluding to their grants of Glastonbury lands.

Thomas Horner found a grange of the abbots at Mells, which Leland describes as a praty maner place of stone harde at the west ende of the chirche. This by likelihood was partly builded by Abbate Selwodde.

There is some evidence that he set about adding to or re-building it. But most of what survives must be due to his nephew and successor, Sir John Horner, who had married the heiress of John Malte, Henry VIII's tailor, and left it as a large house in the shape of an H, the south wing of which alone survives. We know this from a drawing in an estate map of 1680 and from the Cavalier diarist Symonds, who records that in 1644, when the Royal army was moving from Bath to Devon,

The King lay at Sir John Horner's house at Mells; a faire large howse of stone, very strong, in the forme of a H; two courts. Horner is in rebellion, his estate sequestered.

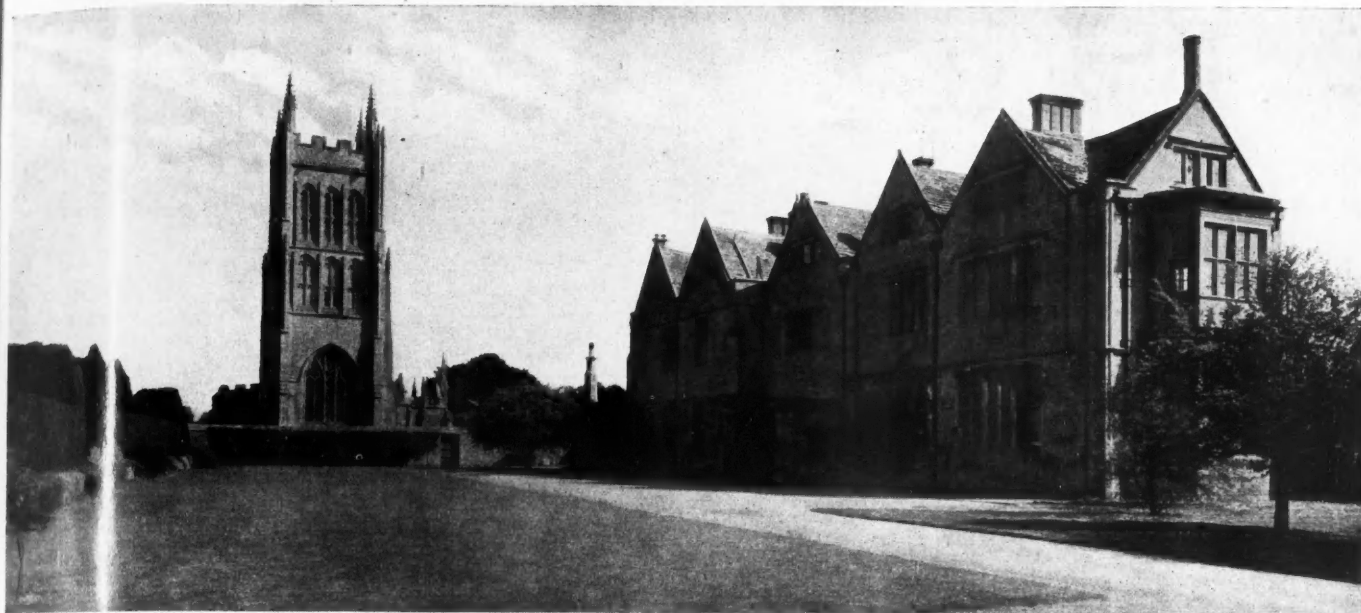
The Sir John Horner of Georgian times moved to the Park at the other end of the village and, in about 1780, requiring stone for a block of stables, pulled down the north wing and centre of the manor house for their materials.

It is the last Sir John Horner of Mells, who died in 1927, and the late Lady Horner, whom the manor house has best cause to remember, for it was they who in 1900 came back to live in the old wing adjoining the lovely church and village, making of it a home



2.—EARLY RENAISSANCE. THE WEST BAY OF THE MANOR HOUSE





### 3.—IN THE FORECOURT

Destruction 150 years ago of the centre and north wing of the H-shaped house revealed the lovely church tower

for their brilliant family and circle of friends. In the church Munnings's bronze equestrian statuette *A Cavalry Subaltern* commemorates their son Edward, killed in France in 1917. He and his brother-in-law, Raymond Asquith, were of those young men, their talents already outshining what life seemed to hold in store for them, whose death was among the last war's bitterest losses. Mells, consequently, has been inherited by his sister, mother of the present Earl of Oxford and Asquith.

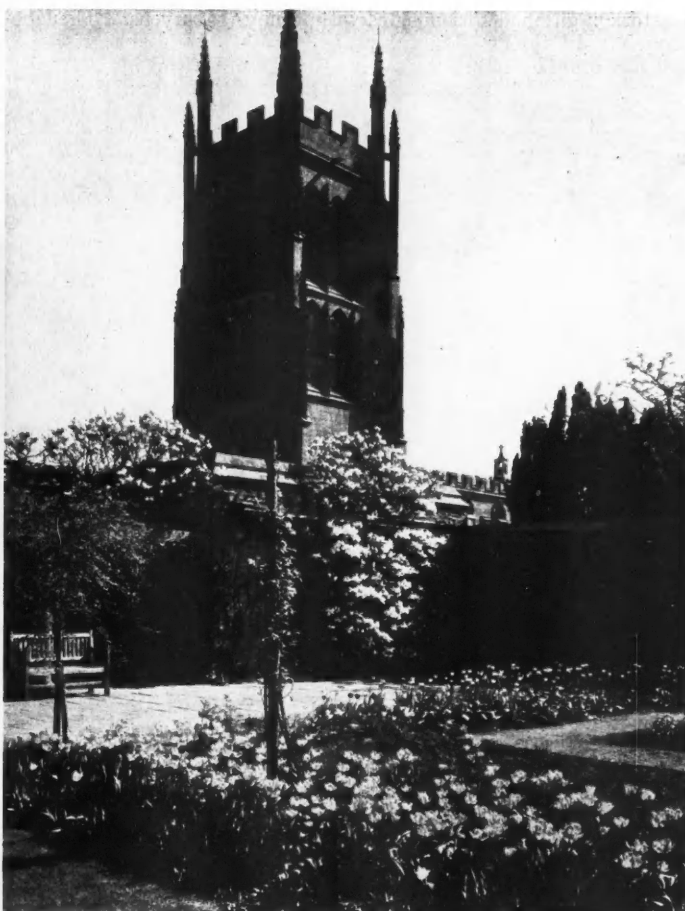
Of life at Mells till 1914, Lady Horner wrote in her book *Time Remembered*—its title was taken from the lines

And Time remembered is grief forgotten  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten—

"I don't know how we all fitted in, six of us and constant friends, but the standard of luxury was much less high than it became afterwards. . . . I suppose the summers were as inclement then as now, but looking back on our summer holidays there, they

seem to me a vision of constant garden life, as if the sun always shone—of long days and moonlit evenings as we sat out, and strolled amongst the scented borders or slept out in the loggia.

"The Manor House is so intimately joined to the garden that the one seems hardly to exist without the other. Lupins and tall Henreyi lilies nod in at the windows of the sitting-rooms. It is small in size but gay with homely flowers; with old apple trees



4, 5.—THE GARDEN TERRACE, WITH THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE HOUSE, AND THE LOGGIA BENEATH THE CHURCH TOWER



(Left) 6.—THE NORTH LAWN

The shadow of the church tower falls where the remainder of the house stood

(Below) 7.—PORTION OF AN ESTATE MAP OF 1680

Showing the former extent of the house. "The Garden" is represented by Fig. 6; the closes to the right by Fig. 8



still lingering among the flower beds, white with blossom in Spring, and scarlet and yellow in Autumn."

One summer's day Sir Edwin Lutyens took me to lunch unexpectedly with her at Mells. Lady Horner's pale Botticellian grace (Rossetti had portrayed her as a girl), her irrepressible zest and humour, and a baffling quality that Canon Hannay (George Birmingham, then Rector of Mells) has identified as "a singular lack of self-esteem," combine in my memory with the summer scents and sunlight flooding into the white rooms from the garden, to form a picture that I cannot dissociate from the sight and sound of Mells. Her book fills in that fleeting impression with her memories of a world now become historic: girlhood's friendships with Tennyson, Ruskin, the Pre-Raphaelites, a lifetime's with Asquith, Grey, Haldane, and choice Whig spirits of 40 years, and of the children at Mells, the generation to which the last war brought tragedy. Yet it strikes that same note "as if the sun always shone." That atmosphere, and her personality, permeate the Manor House, rather than that of its four preceding centuries of existence.

Although it has been in the Horner

family for so long, the place belongs to the category of old homes restored, in which the West Country has become so rich, and among which it is one of the first. It is, perhaps, possible to see, in the way house and garden were handled, the fastidious simplicity of an essentially aristocratic epoch's discovery of old houses and cottage gardens: a poetic simplicity emanating originally from William Morris but here through the work and natures of Gertrude Jekyll and the young Lutyens. Though Sir Herbert Jekyll was Lady Horner's brother-in-law, it was to her friend Mrs. Harry Lindsay that is owed the beauty of the garden; but Sir Edwin Lutyens, superintended most of the alterations to the house, which were all done by degrees. Since its dismemberment, the house had been occupied by a school, and then by the Rector. First the house was made sound, a bathroom put in, and the garden laid out. Then followed electric light, the building of the

loggia, a new kitchen, heating, additional bathrooms, and some small improvement almost yearly.

Jekyll-Lutyens ideals are evident particularly in the impressionistic planting of the garden for relationships of colour and light and shade. Along the five-gabled south side a paved terrace runs, below the windows, to the vine-clad pergola and a great magnolia in the corner of the orangery where the white waxen flowers stand up against the gold and purple of the church tower.

In the old estate map forming this garden are shown, one marked as comprising 2 roods 3 perches. The map shows, too, the original extent of the house, which reached across the present forecourt to where there is now a massive yew hedge broken in its centre by a flight of steps (Fig. 6). What is marked in the plan "the garden" is now a great lawn but still enclosed by the old square wall. Its western side is buttressed by curious half columns



(Left) 8.—"WITH THE OLD APPLE TREES STILL LINGERING AMONG THE FLOWER BEDS, WHITE WITH BLOSSOM IN SPRING, SCARLET AND YELLOW IN THE AUTUMN"



without caps, between two of which is an old gateway (Fig. 9) that led, perhaps, to a bowling green. The map shows that it must have been an unimportant entry, the main way into the court being where it is now, at the south end opposite the vanished centre of the house. One result of the destruction, however, was the exquisite view of the glorious golden bell tower, now straight ahead as one turns into the forecourt, with the gables of the house against the sun casting a huge indented shadow across the blue gravel.

Looking at the north front (Fig. 3) it is easy to see where the middle member of the Elizabethan house abutted—in the centre gable. The general aspect of what remains, and most of the detail such as the gable copings and the fenestration, is essentially mid-16th century; such Renaissance features as there are being scarcely affected by the Flemish taint. Thus the bay at the west end (Fig. 2) has a very fair attempt at a Doric entablature above the lower window, and a restrained guilloche over the upper—both such as could have been culled from John Shute's *First and Chief Groundes of Architecture* published in 1563: which is to imply that Sir John

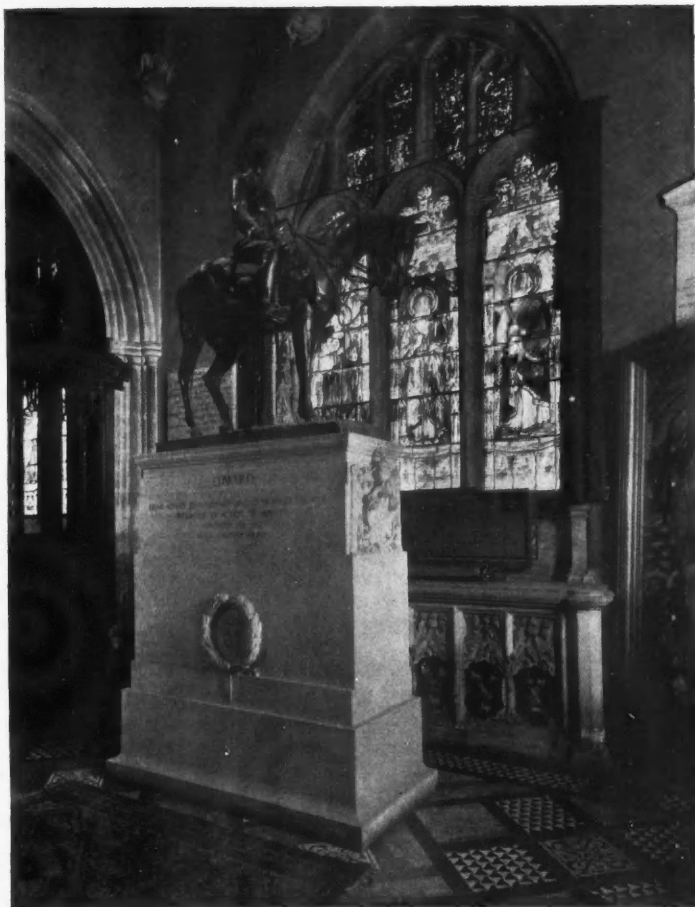


9.—STRANGE BUTTRESSES OF THE NORTH GARDEN'S WALL

Horner did his building between 1564 and 1573, the years when he was High Sheriff, rather than near his death in 1587. There is no means of telling how much, if any, of Abbot Selwood's "praty maner place" he incorporated. But the mullioning of the windows has not the chamfer typical of Sir John's time, nor the ovolo section that succeeded it, but precisely the cavetto of the Gothic windows in houses in the Street leading to the church which Abbot Selwood built. If we look carefully at the northern elevation, the gable and window treatments are seen to differ considerably between the east and west halves; in the western half the windows have drip moulds, the walling is of roughly dressed stone in contrast to the ashlar of the east half, and the corner buttresses are in the shape of diminishing fluted columns that look as though they should end in finials like that on the apex of the west gables. These are characteristics of about 1540 rather than of Selwood's time—he was mitred in Henry VI's reign and died in Henry VII's—which looks as though Thomas Horner built the western gables, possibly as an addition to a hall of Selwood's, and Sir John Horner the eastern, together with added features such as the western bay. Some window stones, even window mullions, may have been used up from the Abbot's building, and a fireplace of about 1500 now in the parlour (Fig. 11) certainly seems to be a case of this. Something will be said of Abbot Selwood's remarkable 15th-century essay in town-planning next week, when his Street will be described.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

(To be concluded.)



10.—A CAVALRY SUBALTERN

The memorial to Edward Horner by A. J. Munnings



11.—A FIREPLACE OF THE ABBOT'S GRANGE

The tapestry was copied by Lady Horner from the *Teppich der wilder Leute* at Regensburg

# WOLF-HUNT NEAR KURSK

By EDITH COUNTESS SOLLOHUB

**S**NOWDRIFTS are always a nuisance, especially when you have made up your mind to hunt wolves and to do it in the "classical way"—that is, with beaters and red flags. These snowdrifts are bad enough in the north of Russia, but the dense forests and the thickets of fir trees break the force of the wind and offer some shelter to man and beast. In the south, however, in the steppes and the regions bordering them, the snow and wind sweep over the country unhindered, and even the forests there cannot stop the drifts efficiently, as the gaunt branches of leafless trees offer but little opposition.

One January, when we had gone south to our country place near Kursk with the object of shooting wolves there in the "classical way," the snowdrifts never stopped and the snow came down in masses day and night, the thermometer going lower and lower, nearly as far as was possible. The efforts of the gamekeeper to trace the wolves and to ascertain where they had their favourite hunting-grounds remained unsuccessful. All traces of man and beast were immediately covered by a soft and uniform layer of fresh snow, all roads were levelled out with the surrounding fields, and the villages were like islands in a sea of snow. Only the small peasant horses managed to plough their way through, pulling the flat, broad sledges which swayed and dived like flat-bottomed boats. Afanasii, the gamekeeper, was in despair, and we had nearly given up all hope of ever sighting a wolf. Then, one morning, there was the sun shining, the sky was blue and it was intensely cold. Afanasii had left at dawn on his skis to look for the wolves, whose traces would now be easily seen. By noon he was back with the good news that four wolves were for certain in the northern end of the forest, and that by two o'clock we, the guns, should be there. He himself was taking the beaters and the red flags immediately to encircle the beat before our arrival.

It took us nearly an hour to get to the indicated point, which was only some three miles away, but the horses could barely make their way through the masses of fresh snow. The sledges trailed on the soft surface and there was no trace of beaten track anywhere. The sun was brilliant, the sky blue, the shadows of our sledges blue, too, as if transparent and distant. No time was lost in arranging our stands; we were two guns only. I drew the first stand nearer the edge of the forest. Noiselessly, with skis digging deep into the snow, we followed Afanasii. Cold, clear, not a breath of wind, the frost "hanging" in the air, as the Russian saying runs. No dark fir trees in this forest, not like in our northern ones, and everything dazzling white with here and there a patch of rusty brown—a stubborn dead leaf hanging on to an oak tree. I had reckoned with this whiteness and had put on a white shooting suit with several pullovers underneath, but I felt now that my grey fur-lined coat would have been welcome. However, white would not show off and wolves have sharp eyes.

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Picture me standing against a birch, sparse brushwood all round me, a few large trees, clusters of yellow reed-like grass here and there. To my right the other gun—I can't see him, but know exactly the direction. To my left, in one or two places, glaring bits of red—the line of red flags closing in the flank of the beat. Perfect silence reigns everywhere, a silence full of sunshine, of glittering specks and deep blue shadows. I begin to feel the cold creeping through my clothes; impossible to hold the gun. My thick knitted gloves feel as if they were made of cobweb; they stick to the steel and the fingers ache and feel stiff. The beaters are shouting now: from the right to the left the noise grows. Now the entire back wall of the beat advances slowly. And the hands ache and are numb.

In despair I hang the gun over my arm and dig both hands deep into the slanting side pockets of my coat trying to move the fingers

there so as to bring life to them somehow. The breath freezes into hoarfrost on my eyelashes and eyebrows. I bury my chin into the soft white scarf-like *Bashlyk* twisted round the throat and twitch my face to prevent the cheeks from freezing. But I dare not move. To stand still is the first rule the huntsman learns, for the quarry has sharper eyes than man and it may be watching you from behind some bush long before you suspect its presence.

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Suddenly, right in front of me, as if rising out of the snow, appears a wolf—a large and beautiful animal. He stops and looks round, listens to the approaching shouts of the beaters, evidently considering which way to turn to evade them. It is too far to shoot and he stands facing me—the worst possible shot if I wanted to risk it. My hands are still in my pockets. I cannot pull them out now when the wolf is there watching. Finally, he makes up his mind and steps in high and light bounds, his proud head well up, his ears moving slightly. He comes straight up to me: thirty steps, I count in my mind, twenty-eight, twenty-six steps now separate us. He evidently does not see me. I dare not look at him direct for fear that our eyes would meet and he might recognise the human eye—and the danger. Twenty-five steps—I must take my gun; he turns his head slightly to the right, and with a rapid movement I pull the hands out of my pockets, raise the gun and shoot at his neck.

It is a heavy gun and knocks me nearly over. I stumble and when I look up I see no trace of the wolf—only the white forest, the blue shadows long and deep, and the excited shouts of the beaters in my ears. Have I missed him? If so, I would have seen him get away—and I am positive he didn't. Where is he?

Petrified, I dare not move a muscle. The



beaters are there, a few steps away: my neighbour comes up rapidly on skis: Afanasii runs from the flank wiping the sweat off his brow. Where is the wolf? Who shot? Where did it go? "I don't know what happened," is my only answer. "I shot him there—right there, some twenty-three steps away." Suddenly shouts of joy—there he is lying in the soft snow, on the very spot I shot at him, buried deep from his own weight. It was a happy moment; but I only begged to get back quickly to the sledges, to let me slip into the fur coat waiting there, to let me run on the skis—only to get warm. Later, at home, sitting in front of the warm fire, I could live over the excitement of the day and enjoy thoroughly this "classical" beauty of the day's sport.

The other wolves had broken through the back line, between two beaters who got stuck in the snow. But mine was the largest—so Afanasii said, judging from the footprints—and I well believed him, for the proud look and the powerful movements of the animal gave him the air of a king of the forest.

## DISCOVERING THE COUNTRY

By RALPH CRISPIAN

**J**OIN the Army, and see the British Isles. Many thousands of men are already serving overseas, and many thousands more are hoping to go abroad; but ask the average soldier-citizen for his impressions of three and a half years of war, and quite high up on his list will come the familiar phrase: "Well, I've seen more of my own country than I ever did before September, 1939, or ever expected to."

The authorities have moved units and individuals about on their gigantic chess-board with great persistence and an occasional disregard for geographical possibilities. Three months in a seaside resort in Sussex may well have been followed by a spell in a country house in Gloucestershire; a sojourn in a village in the Yorkshire Wolds; a stay in a disused distillery in Morayshire; and a summer in a castle in the Western Highlands.

The proprietress of the select boarding-house which was the company billet (one minute's walk to the sea-front) may have been away in the Midlands making munitions. There may have been no carpets down on the floors of the Gloucestershire manor house. The Yorkshire village may have been cut off from supplies for a month on end during the winter. And the distillery may have been only one shade less draughtily than the Highland castle. But exercises got you out into the surrounding countryside; and there were always compensations.

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Many of us, as children, had learnt Kipling's poem about the Sussex Downs by heart, but the full significance of *Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim, Blue goodness of the weald* may have dawned for the first time on the imaginations of some of these ex-children when, khaki-clad and a little short of breath, they found themselves standing on the thyme-scented, close-cropped grass on the top of Firls Beacon.

There was a time when, all unasked, Yorkshire farm-houses gave hungry soldiers eggs

with their teas; and for all I know they may do so still. There was a certain fittingness in finding the quartermaster's store installed in an enormous stone-tiled tithe barn and signals in a disused Gloucestershire dovecote. The uniform drabness of many a small Scottish town was handsomely offset by the generous hospitality of its warm-hearted citizens. And a world convulsion could not alter the individual magic of the Western Highlands.

I can speak best from my own experience.

I was born in Kent and had lived in that county, off and on, ever since. But it was to military service, of a kind, that I owed the discovery of that road that runs east out of Tenterden to Woodchurch and then on, parallel to the Royal Military Canal, through The Leacon, Ham Street, Ruckinge, Bilsington, Bonnington, and so on to Postling Green, just south of Aldington. It is the dividing line between the Kentish Weald and Romney Marsh and it is a delight at all seasons of the year but best of all, perhaps, when the primroses are out along its hedgerows.

To my shame I had never been to Wye till duty took me there; and I had never pushed on onto Broad Downs and across Stone Street to the strange, Ingoldsby-haunted hinterland of Tappington and Monks Horton.

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If anyone had asked me, before the war, if I knew Scotland, I should have confidently replied, on the strength of having been at school there, that indeed I did.

But I had never been in Caithness in late May, which meant that I had never seen a certain little grove of trees, very rare and precious in that treeless countryside, which guards the approach to an old stone house by the sea. They were stunted sycamores and alders, just coming into bud, their roots in water, and their stems and branches covered with grey lichen, and when I was there the ground below



them was carpeted with celandines, full out and shining in the sun.

I had never seen the flat, silver-edged islets that lie off Shetland, small, detached, floating lawns, cropped smooth and close by the sheep that are turned adrift on them each spring.

Never had I sat in the window of a commercial hotel and watched the hustle and bustle of Stromness quay, with drifters coming and going on their journeys between Orkney mainland and the islands, with sea birds flapping about and sitting importantly on mast-heads and barrels and bales.

I had never crossed the Corran Narrows in winter-time and seen the tall hills of Ardgour looking as if they had been sprinkled with castor sugar from a gigantic sifter, or driven up Glen Tarbert towards Strontian when the hinds and stags were down by the roadside in their search for food.

I had read *The Pavilion on the Links*, but I had never wandered among the thickets of buckthorn that guard one of Scotland's most attractive houses from the encroaching sand.

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Before the war, a holiday meant, for many

of us, an eager dash away from this country, to Italy, to the Tirol, to Provence, or to a small and jealously guarded island that lies off Hyères. (I wonder who, if anyone, now stays in that low, rambling, red-roofed hotel; and if they come blinking out into the dazzling sunshine to eat their rolls and grapes and to drink their breakfast coffee sitting on the low sea wall that looks over the harbour?)

Perhaps those days will come again, and we shall look back on the war years as the only time in our lives when some of us really got to know our own country.

## A ROOT-CROP REVIVAL By JORIAN JENKINS

NOT all of our greatly increased acreage of a table is being devoted to cereals and potatoes. It was evident in travelling about the country last year that more roots were being grown than for many years past; and the same is likely to be true of this season also.

Countrymen will welcome this revival; for it means better farming, better stock-feeding, better sport. There was a time when it was considered a breach of good husbandry not to bring each field into roots at fairly frequent intervals. That time has possibly gone for ever; but so too have the days when one could buy imported feeding-stuffs at prices which left one wondering whether the actual growers got anything at all for their labours.

During the period between the two wars, the economic argument against growing roots was very strong. Farm wages were roughly double the 1914 level and tending to rise all the time; on the other hand, feeding-stuffs had never been cheaper, it being possible to buy maize at one time for less than £5 a ton. There was thus an admirable background for the Boulflower campaign in favour of more concentrated feeding and less bulk.

To some extent this campaign was justified. Far too many farmers and stockmen were inclined (as some still are inclined) to regard their stock as so many bags to be stuffed as full as possible. The intentions may have been excellent, but the common result was indigestion and reduced production, especially of milk.

But there is a world of difference between coarse, fibrous, over-ripe hay and straw, and juicy, succulent roots. The former are largely indigestible, and an excess soon leads to constipation and a slowing-down of the alimentary processes generally. The latter are easily digestible, and though an excess can cause scouring, this rarely happens unless the roots are dirty or frosted.

Sound roots are one of the safest of foods for stock, and have a dietetic value over and above their chemical analysis, just as green vegetables have in the case of human beings. What is more, they represent just that intensive form of cropping which is so necessary at the present time.

A 30-ton crop of mangolds or swedes, which is by no means an exceptional yield on most soils, is equivalent to 6,000 to 7,000 lb. per acre of digestible dry matter with very little fibre. This is a much better return than can commonly be obtained from either cereals or hay, or even silage. Kale yields much the same, with the added advantage of including in its composition about 4,000 lb. per acre of digestible protein.

That is why so many dairy farmers, who have been forced by the war off their feeding formula of grass, meadow hay and bought concentrates, have found relief in devoting a part of their ploughed-up grass land to roots. Though silage, too, has come into the picture it must be remembered that, unless made from very young material, silage is definitely fibrous and tends to be binding. So that, even where it is made, it is a great advantage to have some roots in addition.

It is often objected that roots involve much labour. This is true, but it is also true that, where a reasonably good yield can be obtained, the cost of labour per unit of digestible stock-food compares very favourably with other crops. It is, however, highly desirable that no larger acreage should be ploughed up than can be handled by the available labour force, and that, as far as possible, the bulkier roots should be grown near home.

Another point, and it is a very important one, is that good preliminary cultivation will greatly reduce hand-labour. To drill roots in a stale, dirty seedbed simply means that work which should have been done by the plough, cultivator and harrows will have to be done, at far greater expense, by the hand-hoe. Alternatively, the individual roots will be small, and the cost of labour per ton thereby increased.

Generally speaking, roots should be drilled at intervals, starting early, so that the back of the singling can be broken before all hands are needed in the hay. But in the south, swedes, turnips and rape are often not sown till June, in which case singling takes place between hay and harvest.

It is absolutely essential for a good crop of roots that it should come away quickly, and thus suffer the least exposure, either to attacks of the "fly" or to the competition of weeds. There is a real art in the preparation of a seed-bed, and this matter is at least as important as the application of manures.

A well-trie south-country practice is to give the final ploughing immediately before sowing, the surface soil having been thoroughly worked previously to a depth of 3 ins. or so. The objects are (i) to bring up moist mould for the seed, and (ii) to check any weeds that might compete with the germinating crop. But it is important that the harrows and roll should follow as quickly as possible, and that the seed should be drilled close behind. North-country farmers achieve much the same purpose by drilling on freshly-drawn ridges, but in this case the preliminary working must be deeper, for if the ridger brings up clods the result may be fatal.

Root-sowing must obviously take place in fairly dry weather. Should this persist after sowing, the light roller must be used frequently in order to draw up moisture for the young plants. It is, moreover, a useful weapon against both "fly" and wireworm. Ridges, of course, can be rolled only one way; but crops grown on the flat are best rolled across the drills, even when the plants are well up.

In very dry weather, it is a good tip to drill extra deep and to cover with a light roll only. This plan keeps the young plants down where the moisture is and shelters them to some extent from the drying effects of sun and wind.

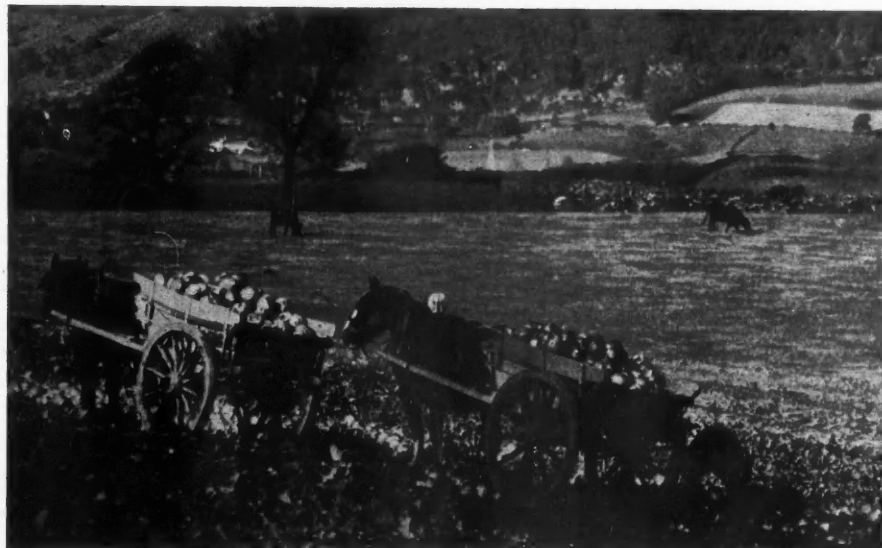
Singling any considerable acreage of roots is a formidable job, which is why it is a good plan to grow a variety of crops, including some, such as kale, rape and turnips, which can be thinned with the harrows if the worst comes to the worst.

Where the labour is inexpert, as it so often is these days, it often pays to send most of the workers on ahead chopping out roughly with hoes, while the remainder follow on to do the actual singling by hand. Boys used to be employed on this job, but they need a deal of watching; two working together usually means two plants left where one should be. Many women, however, take to the job well; and the north-country crawling method is by no means uncomfortable if the knees are well padded.

For the first horse-hoeing, which should be done as soon as the drills can be seen, there is nothing better (for flat work) than the multiple frame-hoe still popular in many districts. But it is essential that it should be set to follow the drill exactly, otherwise many plants will be cut out. Where there is some rubbish, and not too many stones, discs often answer better than the L-hoes.

For subsequent work, the single-row hoe is best, the blades being kept as sharp and set as level as the blacksmith can make them. Contrary to some modern opinion, repeated hoeings certainly pay, until such time as the crop is damaged by the passage of the horse.

Roots may be mostly water, but, as one worthy is reputed to have remarked, "tis damn good water," being in fact a solution of sugars and other readily-digestible foods. Certainly a nice stand of kale in the field and a nice clamp of roots in the yard will enable us to face another winter of couponed (or possibly coupon-less) feeding with greater confidence. And now is the season when the prospects of achieving such assets are made or marred.



A 30-TON CROP OF SWEDES IS EQUIVALENT TO 6,000-7,000 LB. PER ACRE OF DIGESTIBLE DRY MATTER WITH LITTLE FIBRE

## THE FUTURE OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT—VI

## WHITEHALL—OR COUNTY COUNCIL?

CONTROL OF AGRICULTURE ◊ By L. F. EASTERBROOK

ONE thing the war has amply demonstrated. It is this: a central plan with the maximum of decentralisation in its execution is the best machinery for administering a national agricultural policy. Agriculture has got through the war with fewer mistakes and with less friction and heart-burning between the planners and the planned than in most other industries mainly because the scheme has been executed on a local basis by practical men in whom farmers have had confidence. They have not been ordered to do silly things, and the extraordinary variations in our soil, climate and conditions from farm to farm have been taken into account by men who have knowledge of them.

Moreover the farming plan has been carried out in a very human way by these means, the reverse of what we usually associate with the word "bureaucratic." There has been no rigid interpretation of orders from above; personal character, the circumstances of each farm and willingness to try to do what is required have been taken into account. There may have been too much instead of too little tolerance, although the fact that over 2,000 farmers have been dispossessed and the efficiency of the remainder is increasing in a quite striking manner goes far to answer such criticism.

## HARD LUCK, BUT NOT INJUSTICE

Some experience of agricultural publicity has taught me that no one can make a statement to an assembly of farmers that is 99 per cent. true without finding someone in the room who knows the 1 per cent. exception. No doubt some of those exceptions will now be quoted. But as Agricultural Correspondent to a national newspaper, I receive complaints from time to time from farmers and landowners who think they have been unfairly treated by the County Committees. I have made a point of investigating every case. There have been several of hard luck, but never one of injustice. The only case of injustice I have ever encountered was told to me by one of those responsible for it, and the mistake that he admitted had been made seemed to haunt him.

Decentralisation, therefore, has produced results that could never have been obtained by "farming from Whitehall," and few will disagree that it must remain the keystone of the national control of agriculture that, it seems

certain, must continue in some form after the war. The question is, whether it should be administered through the County Councils or through a continuation of the County War Agricultural Executive Committees.

So far as control of efficient farming is concerned, and the administration on the farm of a national policy, I have little doubt in my own mind that the County Agricultural Committee, organised on the lines of the war committees, is the best machinery. They have proved themselves. They are quite surprisingly popular. They go a long way towards making agriculture a self-governing industry. This is our country; we all have an interest in the well-being of the national agricultural estate. I like this idea of the Minister of Agriculture appointing his voluntary stewards to take responsibility on our account for their respective corners of England. Too easily do we forget that democracy means responsibility to the State as a whole, as well as to the individuals who have elected a particular representative.

## THE HIGH-ROAD TO CHAOS

These stewards of the Minister are certain to have unpopular and unpleasant jobs to do in the future, just as they have during this war. It is far better that they should be dependent upon nobody's votes in doing them. Above all, we do not want a composite body for this purpose, with elected representatives from, say, landowners, farmers, farm workers—and perhaps eventually of fertiliser, feeding-stuffs and engineering combines as well—all feeling that they "must not let down" the particular body that they represent. That is the high-road to jiggery-pokery and chaos, with such confusion of counsels that the result would probably be as near to inaction as we could get on this side of the grave. Electoral representation is the means, and not the aim, of democratic government. It is a means of consulting the governed and seeing that their feelings are voiced. But democratic government means national government, in which the interests of the parts must be woven into the overriding interests of the whole. That is the difference between politics and statesmanship, and the safety valves of democracy are not a collection of rubber stamps returned to Westminster, but Parliament as a whole, the Press, and the right to make public objection to things that are publicly done, with the

ultimate right to throw out one group of politicians and try another.

County Agricultural Committees appointed by the Minister of Agriculture stand up to this test. For, through Parliament, he is responsible for them to the nation. If Parliament and the Press remain true to their rôle of the nation's watchdogs, we need not fear that County Committee chairmen will grow into little ruleiters.

## OBJECTIONS TO LOCAL CONTROL

The objections to using the County Councils for this purpose are not only that they are dependent upon local votes and that the Minister of Agriculture cannot be so personally responsible to the people for them, or dismiss them so easily. But County Councils are also only partially concerned with agriculture, and so, as a rule, the expert, detailed knowledge would not so readily be found among their members as on committees specially appointed for their agricultural experience. Moreover the County War Committees have had to appoint District Committees to help them, and there is not the same readiness to give voluntary service to a County Council as there is to a body that more directly represents farming and the nation. The difference may appear a subtle one; I can only say that it very definitely exists.

Again, post-war agricultural policy is likely to be conceived on a national basis, and so there would have to be close liaison and co-operation in carrying out this national plan. It would override all county boundaries, and, in fact, would not be workable if each county were to function according to its own ideas. Local government is rightly jealous of its independence, and has a healthy dislike to "signing on the dotted line" in response to orders from above. Could County Councils fairly be asked to surrender so much independence? And what of a County Council where the majority of political opinion was in strong disagreement with the policy of a Government whose agricultural instructions they were compelled to carry out?

From every point of view it would seem better that there should be no attempt to use local government so relentlessly as the mere servant of national government, and that a Minister of Agriculture's stewards should be people directly appointed by him, responsible to him alone. But that is no reason why the Minister should not invite County Council members to serve on the County Agricultural Committees. In fact it would probably be most desirable, in view of the way in which County Councils must continue to be concerned with agriculture.

## SMALLHOLDINGS

For it would seem highly unnecessary, for example, for the Ministry of Agriculture to think of taking over County Council smallholding schemes and putting them under the County Committees. The main purpose of the Committees would be to administer agricultural policy and promote efficient farming, not to become owners of land. The County Council smallholdings are, in so many cases, the result of local enthusiasm and enterprise, and much would be lost for no very evident gain if they were transferred to the County Committees. On the other hand, there is no case for making such holdings sacred, and the Committees should have the right to enter upon the land, survey the farming of it and make any recommendations that might be necessary.

Similarly the County Farm Institutes seem part of the administrative structure of those counties that have them—and surely every county should be thus equipped, with possibly two



SPINNING IN THE OPEN AIR WITH WASTE WOOL FROM THE HEDGES  
"Give us the chance to train country people from childhood" says one school of thought,  
"and . . . we will create a living rural civilisation again"



or three of the smaller counties sharing one, as now happens in Wales. But this part of agricultural education would seem to be primarily the County Council's responsibility. The Institutes can be adjusted to meet local needs and conditions, and it is all to the good if there is diversity, and even rivalry, among the counties in this respect. On all sides men speak well of the Farm Institutes, and so it would be a pity to interfere with the present arrangement, except to increase their number.

But there is less to be said for keeping the former Agricultural Organisers under the County Councils. This branch of agricultural education has nothing to do with training the young. During the war it has tended to merge into the duties of the County War Agricultural Executive Officer. After the war they are likely to be one of the main channels through which the technical administration of a national agricultural policy will operate. So there will be the same need for uniformity of direction as with the County Agricultural Committees, the same absence of county boundaries in the scope of the work that has to be done. The organisers, among other things, are the main link for bringing the fruits of national research to the farmer in a form that he can digest. Under the present arrangement, the Ministry of Agriculture pays 60 per cent. of their salaries, but certainly has not 60, or even 51, per cent. of their control. In fact the only control the Ministry has is to threaten to stop the grant for an Organiser. A county bad enough to merit such a threat would probably be not unduly perturbed at the prospect of having no Organiser. The County Organisers should become responsible to the Ministry of Agriculture only.

#### RURAL EDUCATION

There remains the whole question of rural education.

Some are of the opinion that rural education should be removed entirely from the present educational structure, which undoubtedly has failed to cater adequately for the person who will live, work and grow up in the country. It is conceived and carried out too much on urban lines. It is argued that if the whole range of education for country people were the responsibility of a separate body, there would be a continuity in fitting people for that sort of life from childhood to manhood, and better results would thus be obtained if a farmer graduated in this way through a carefully planned series of educational influences. It is urged that the majority of children will not be following a country calling and it would be unfair to them to have too much "rural bias" mixed up in their teaching for the sake of a minority. "Give us the chance to train country people from childhood," says this school of thought in effect, "and we will turn out efficient farmers, good countrymen and countrywomen, and through them create a living rural civilisation again."

There is much to be said for this point of view. And yet I wonder if it is really the wise one? We have to live and work together. Might there not be a danger of two nations growing up in our midst? We want, surely, to break down the barrier between town and country, not to emphasise it. Even before the war, Council schools and others were realising the value to their urban pupils of a term in the country for the senior children, and since the war the good side of "evacuation" has caused more educational authorities to appreciate this. Many are intending to apply it after the war.

#### THE DANGER OF SEGREGATION

It could be argued that it is unfair to the urban children to be cut off from the healthy influences of country people and country ideas, which would surely happen even more than at present if rural folk were no responsibility at all of the main educational authority; and then less than ever would the town population have any understanding of the countryman's case. In fact a subtle sense of rivalry might well be created, that would definitely antagonise them to the rural.

No one could be more anxious than I that agriculture and the rural way of life should figure more in the national education. It is one of the last remaining links with reality in

the artificial world we have been so busy creating for the last two generations. But this can be done in general terms, and I believe there are dangers in imparting a rural bias too early. The main purpose of education is to teach people to be civilised, to be at home in the world around them, to learn how to learn. If people are taught these things of the mind, and how their minds can direct their hands, I firmly believe that the majority will make a better job of the vocation they eventually adopt than if training for it is specialised from an early age.

There is also this practical consideration. With 35,000,000 people living in towns and only 7,000,000 in the country, it may be pretty safely assumed that, with a rival educational authority for each, the larger one—the one also where the money is—will come off considerably better for teachers, schools, and other educational equipment. Competition between the

two will not mean increased efficiency of both, but competition for one to get the better of the other, to get more pupils and bigger allowances from the Exchequer for its use. And there is not much doubt as to which will win. The segregation of rural education would therefore defeat its main purpose, and a sense of inferiority would once again descend upon the people of the country districts.

It is not a matter to be lightly decided. But the more I think about it, the more I feel that the County Council Directors of Education should remain the heads of all national education in their areas, although far more should be done to provide teachers for rural districts with better understanding of agriculture and country life; and that the educative and civilising influences of the country should be much more widely used to leaven the circumscribed minds of those brought up in the towns.

## GESTURES

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I FOUND a pleasant little story the other day which has a golfing moral, or at any rate a golfing application. It was in a quotation from a 17th-century work called *Merry Passages and Jests*, by Sir Nicholas Lestrage. It appears that a certain Lord Brookes was "much resorted to by those of the preciser sort" who kept a tight hand over him but "would allow him Christian libertie for his recreations." One day, however, he regrettably overstepped this freedom. "Being at bowles, in much company, and following his cast with much eagerness, he cried 'Rubbe, rubbe, rubbe, rubbe, rubbe!'" His chaplain (a very strict man) runs presently to him, and in the hearing of diverse, "O good my Lord, leave that to God—you must leave that to God!" says he.

No doubt the chaplain was right, in that once the bowl or the ball has sped, no prayers or adjurations of ours can affect its destiny, which is then in the hands of a higher power. Nevertheless we all, or nearly all, attempt both by word and gesture to amend its course. There are few so icy cool that they can watch their ball skirting the verge of a bunker without trying to make it keep out, and some of us may even be shamefully conscious of putting up silent but heartfelt prayers that in like case our enemy's ball may go in. I once had a caddie whose prayers were not silent. He was a small boy at a private school and my opponent was one of his masters. His open and fervent urging of my ball into trouble was disconcerting in the extreme and his petitions were too often successful. "Rubbe, rubbe, rubbe!" he cried in effect and in went my ball.

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That story of my Lord Brookes has set me thinking of the gestures of great men when they are "following their casts with much eagerness," and a whole series of pictures from the romantic past came before my eyes. A good many of them have their scene on the putting green, for it is there more than anywhere that men indulge in these supplicatory antics. No one used more frequently to egg his ball on to further efforts than Sandy Herd, with little wavings of his putter which began gently and became almost frantic as the crucial moment approached. His manner was, I am bound to say, not so much prayerful as minatory, and his threats were often successful; the ball would drop in at its last gasp, when a cheerful smile would irradiate his face. I have often watched J. H. Taylor doing the same thing with great ferocity and an umbrella, as someone else's ball in a championship has shown signs of lagging. Then there is a curious movement which I cannot precisely explain but in which many of us, I am sure, indulge. It consists in a sudden thrusting forward of the right foot just as, in a long putt, the ball hesitates between dropping or shivering by on the left of the hole. I can see Freddie Tait with extraordinary clearness making this gesture on the Briars green at Hoylake in a match against Harold Hilton nearly 45 years ago—and in went the ball, for

a three. A different gesture comes back to me from another match of Harold's at St. Andrews in 1913. He was playing an American invader, "Heinie" Schmidt, and after a desperate struggle, in which he had incidentally putted into the Road bunker, they were on the 19th green. Harold was playing his third shot, a good long putt. On and on it came straight for the hole but with barely strength enough to reach it. It hovered and then dropped, and at that instant the striker's chin dropped on his breast in a sympathetic movement. There, very clearly, was a fervent prayer answered.

Another action to which we all treat ourselves now and then is that of walking after the ball as it is making straight for the hole with a view to picking it out triumphantly at the earliest possible instant. It is particularly characteristic of Cyril Tolley; he walks longer and farther than anyone and his judgment is rarely at fault. I have seen him stop, disappointed, half way as the ball declines to obey, but as a rule the ball knows its duty and does it. The adversary who sees Mr. Tolley beginning to walk had better prepare himself for the worst. It is in the nature of what we should call to-day "the victory roll."

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Now, leaving the putting green whom do I see? My first picture, and it is a very vivid one, will not appeal to many people, for Johnnie Bramston, a great and most picturesque golfer, is long dead. Anybody who remembered him will, I am sure, share my vision of him at the end of a full shot. The ball is showing signs of going too much to the right, and, as he watches it, his right wrist is turning more and more over in an agony of prayerful steering. I can see Harold Hilton doing something of the same sort as his hook, or rather his "draw," shows symptoms of not materialising, but he seems to do it rather with an additional twist of his shoulders. Then there is the converse gesture again made by J. H. with his umbrella. It is the fourth round of the Open Championship at Sandwich in 1934, and Henry Cotton holding a vast lead is showing signs of frittering it away. The fours are turning into fives, and most of them from one cause: the player is not holding up his approaches into a right-hand wind, so that the ball is falling away to the left of the green. J. H. is beside himself with anxiety and is thrusting that umbrella out to the right in an unconscious demonstration of how the shot ought to be played. Fortunately all ends happily, for Henry pulls himself together in manful fashion and the umbrella is at rest.

I have been trying to bring this picture gallery of memory up to date, and somehow or other I cannot do it. Is it that our modern champions have acquired the frozen impassivity of their counterparts at billiards so that they remain wholly immobile? No, I do not think it is that, for I certainly can recall Cotton giving his putter a sharp rap on the ground, as if to tell it not to do that again. It is rather, I suppose, that the earliest pictures remain the most vivid, because when one first saw them one had a

greater capacity for hero-worship and the tiniest movement of the great impressed itself on the mind. Let me then turn to those other gestures which we make not after the stroke but before it. It is still in the nature of a prayer, but more likely to be effective than the crying of "Rubbe, rubbe!" It indicates what, with the help of that higher power, we mean to do.

There is one such preliminary gesture, which I have seen employed of deliberate purpose by very good players. This happens when they are about to play a brassy shot from rather a close lie, and there is something to carry, so that it is essential to get well down to the ball. They have a practice swing or two in which they are at pains to bring the sole of the club on to the ground with a resounding smack. I remember to have heard Jack White, than whom no man was more deeply versed in useful dodges, recommend this one, and I feel as if I had seen him do it himself. If we could always repeat our practice swing in the shot that follows, golf would be an easy game. Unfortunately we cannot, but now and again this

preliminary exercise, with a particular and not a merely general purpose, is very valuable. I think, for instance, that when we are anxious to play a crisp pitch with plenty of bite, a practice shot in which the club makes a purring or fizzing sound is likely to produce the kind of shot desired. In old times there was one kind of practice stroke which was eminently practical, namely that in which the player was allowed to test with his niblick the quality of the sand. Nowadays, however, that kind of investigation is denied him. To a skilful niblick player it was no doubt a help, and it did no harm that I know of, but perhaps it is as well to have as few exceptions to rules as possible and to know quite simply that we must touch nothing in a bunker.

There is one gesture indulged in after the ball has flown which is not in the least in the nature of a prayer, but is rather a defiance of whatever golfing gods there be. That is the throwing of the club. The great have been known to do it as well as the humble. Bobby Jones's account of his first Championship match

at Merion when he was 14 is succinct: "Mr. Byers and I played terribly. He was a veteran and I was a youngster, but we expressed our feelings in exactly the same way—when we missed a shot we threw the club away." Poor Bobby had rather a grievance against the newspapers over the match, for whereas they only made a "whimsical" reference to his adversary they lectured him sternly on losing his temper. It certainly was a little hard. "Two years ago," he goes on to say, "at Oakmont, I saw a competitor in the National Amateur Championship heave his putter into an adjoining wood and forbid his caddie to go after it—and he has been a national title-holder more than once. But nothing was said about it in the papers." Like many other reprehensible actions, club-throwing can sometimes give great relief. I shall never forget seeing an old friend of mine on the fourth green at Sandwich whirl round and round like a hammer-thrower before casting his putter far away into the bents below. However, in this matter I live in a glass house and must not throw stones.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### OLD STYLES FOR NEW BUILDINGS

SIR,—Your most interesting article on the Palace, Williamsburg, published on April 2, revives the problem that constantly assails the novice in the study of architecture. In our efforts to rebuild an England in the future as beautiful as the England of the past, why can we not literally copy the buildings of the past? The answer we are invariably given is that slavish copying cannot revive the departed spirit and is therefore doomed to failure, in evidence of which theory is quoted, and it seems with some justification, the Gothic Revival.

Now comes your bombshell. In your article you state "the visitor will realise how little in fact the eighteenth century owes to the patina of age, how much to its own inherent merit. The building is actually only some ten years old; yet even those who have spent their lives among its prototypes will find it hard to recall a more convincing expression of the spirit of Queen Anne's day." Later you mention "the architects succeeded in capturing not only the body but the soul of the original. . . . They aimed . . . only at faithful reconstruction . . . they find that . . . beauty, stateliness and order had emerged."

If the patina of age, which contributes so largely (but surely by no means entirely) to the beauty of Gothic and Tudor architecture is not an essential of 18th-century architecture, why can we not benefit ourselves by Mr. Rockefeller's highly successful experiment?

Even if the 18th-century architecture in England was based on an archaic style, adapted to our national requirements and outlook, surely it was successfully adapted and surely our national requirements, so far as concerns domestic architecture, have not changed so very much?

No one can deny that the rebuilt Palace, Williamsburg, is a success. Cannot the smaller 18th-century houses and cottages be equally successfully reproduced in this country?—G. E. BUNCOMBE, *Chelmsford, Essex.*

[The answer is yes, when expense is no obstacle, as at Williamsburg. To be entirely satisfactory, a copy must be exact in smallest detail—sizes and quality of brick, mouldings, dimensions, proportions of windows, crown glass, etc., and with at least intrusions such as soil pipes. This normally involves purpose-making of all components, most careful detailing, and some sacrifice of convenience. A working compromise has, of course, long been practised by English architects familiar with Georgian usage,

and is capable of providing possibly the most satisfactory and economical contemporary houses. The chief obstacle to the wider use of the type, as Mr. Harold Falkner has already pointed out here, is the lack of mass-produced sash windows in good and convenient dimensions—on which the proportioning of elevations largely depends.—ED.]

### FROM A PRISONER OF WAR

SIR,—The enclosed poem is by Major F. C. Simms, a prisoner of war who had just been caught again after two attempts to escape (once he got away for over three days). It may interest your readers. He with 250 other officers are in a 13th-century monastery—Camp No. 35, Italy.

House by house the village climbs  
To stare across the walls  
To where we dream the days away,  
In cool and cloistered halls  
Or sunny walled-in garden  
Beneath the olive trees,  
We sit among dark roses  
And listen to the bees.

We do not hear the horror  
Of this sad world's travail.  
The only sound at night we hear  
Is a singing nightingale.  
While Scorpio seems striving  
The crescent moon to touch,  
Oh stars! that I, in Africa,  
Watched and loved so much.

Upon the distant mountain's  
Quickly fading snow,  
And 'cross the everlasting hills  
Great clouds and shadows go.  
Near at hand we see the corn  
With rapture lean and sigh,  
As the cool wind at sunset  
Caressingly goes by.

We cannot reach that mountain,  
We cannot tread that street.  
The wire runs through the cornfield,  
And marks the sentry's beat.  
Like flies encased in amber  
Without delight or pain.  
Futile and chill are all the days,  
Dear God,  
Till we are free again.

—G. J. W. SIMMS, *Shortacre, Headley, Hampshire.*

### ELDERLY CARTRIDGES

SIR,—I lately came on some black powder cartridges which to my knowledge must be very well over 50 years old. My garden in the suburbs here was invaded by rabbits, and, having no other cartridges in the house, I thought I would try one. Out of more than a dozen fired there was not a single failure and the effect on the rabbits was all that could be desired.—B. N. U. ORPHOOT, *Murrayfield, Edinburgh, 12.*

### SMALL BIRDS AND PESTS

SIR,—As the bird-nesting season is beginning may I appeal to parents and teachers to dissuade so far as possible all children from taking birds' eggs.

The insect pest to agriculture and gardens is very serious and probably intensified by the mild winter, and while some types of birds may be prolific there are many others which are suffering from indiscriminate killing. In particular would one make a plea for sparing the blue eggs of the hedge-sparrow.

After all the smaller birds do not merely add to the attractiveness of any landscape but silently and methodically most of them are of real help in keeping down the enemies of production.—S. G. POLHILL, *Acting Chief Secretary, Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.*

### AN UNUSUAL MATING

SIR,—On the Thames not far from Walton, a tufted drake has mated with a mallard. I should be interested to hear if this is a common occurrence. Ducks leave this particular reach to nest, so I am afraid that there is little hope of seeing the brood.

They are a most amusing pair to watch; the tufted drake brooks no interference from the other mallards, who have a wholesome respect for him.—T. G. DEVAS, *Walton-on-Thames.*

[This alliance is an unusual and interesting one, being between a surface feeder and a diving duck, or rather drake. It is to be hoped that the offspring, if any, will be observed and their appearance and habits recorded.—ED.]

### THE FUTURE OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT

*From the Earl of Ilchester.*

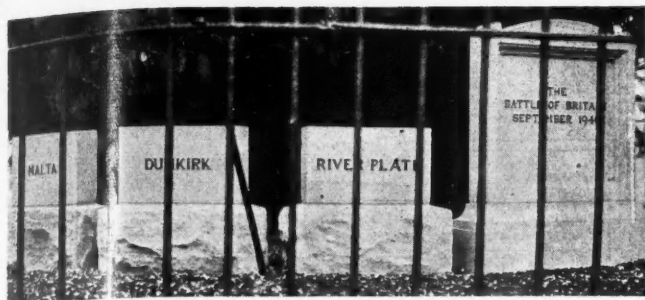
SIR,—The first two papers in your series of articles on *The Future of Local Government* relate to "Regionalisation" and "All Purposes" authorities: and demonstrate with surprising clearness the weakness of the case for either of these methods of dealing with the future administration of the counties of England and Wales. It might even be said that these are the ways in which they should not be governed. To many of us who have given much time to the business of County Councils and of the smaller local bodies for 20, perhaps 30 or even 40, years, it comes as a matter of wonder why these institutions are being placed on their trial. What have they done to merit the elimination or supersession which both Dr. Stamp and Mr. Tiptaft advocate? County Councils have functioned perfectly normally and

satisfactorily for nearly 60 years, and there seems little or no reason why they should not continue to do so as smoothly after the war, with certain organic changes and alterations within their own framework. Certainly a recent meeting of the County Councils Association to deal with its Post-war Reconstruction Report, showed with no uncertain voice what was felt on Regionalisation. The one representative who had the temerity to make some suggestion of the kind, voted for his proposition alone. "All purposes" authorities were barely mentioned, and certainly no good word was said in their favour.

Change for change's sake, in this case without corresponding advantages, seems to be the spirit of these troublous times, and from this, apparently, such proposals emanate. Who has said that these Councils are effete, or that they are failing to carry out the multifarious duties which have been piled on them in recent years? It is true that they have their troubles, and indeed serious troubles, often from lack of understanding on the part of Whitehall, which seems seldom to realise that urban and rural problems must be approached from different angles. Some control from above there must be; that is certain. But if I were asked to choose between the supervision of the present ministries, and that of some newly-constituted authority, run in all probability by second- or third-rate brains, and located in a provincial town, I would unhesitatingly take Whitehall, though possibly as a *pis aller*.

But increased burdens mean increased officials: and over-officialdom is a danger which must be watched with great circumspection, as tending to bureaucracy. The greater the area of the authority, the greater must be the risk. Mr. Tiptaft suggests that councillors will be less willing to come forward in the future, since their labours may become more arduous. I can see no falling off in the keenness of members in their work for the various Councils, provided always that they can get to the meeting-place. But if distances are to be made too great, as would assuredly happen if combinations of counties were to be made the unit of government, it would be hopeless to expect proper representation or attendance from the more distant electoral divisions: and most of the present interest would be lost. Then indeed officials would have their own way, to the detriment of Democracy and popular government. Mr. Tiptaft goes on to advocate the payment of members. Pay them out-of-pocket expenses by all means, as in the case of many statutory bodies: that is only fair, especially in these days of depleted incomes. But for Heaven's sake, let us refrain





## IN DARLEY DALE CHURCHYARD

See letter "Memorials of This War"

from creating professional councillors; even though they would not be in the same happy position as Members of the House of Commons and be able to vote themselves increased salaries!

To turn to Dr. Stamp's remarks. I notice that he has fears that Regionalisation may not correspond with the tenets of Democracy. Naturally that is so; and Industrialism, to which he refers, has different aims and objects. Clearly Regional Commissioners and Regionalisation are a war-time necessity, a form of dual control with other authorities, of which we may hope to see the last as soon as possible. They savour of dictatorship, the very thing which we are fighting to destroy. But Dr. Stamp in his article draws a discreet red-herring across the path of Local Government, which he barely deigns to discuss, in the shape of Country Planning.

Local Planning and Local Government are very different matters; but the former, under the Act of 1932, can be quite easily fitted into, or made to work with, the framework of the latter. The structure of Country Planning undeniably requires larger areas. Three or four counties may make a suitable combination, provided that the physical conformation, characteristics, forms of employment, and local conditions generally are similar, and that a convenient centre can be provided. It is essential, however, that the grouping should be agreed in consultation with the counties concerned, and should be the same for all purposes, including wage problems under Whitley Council schemes. The present regional areas, being founded on war-time military requirements, can in most cases be disregarded. To illustrate my meaning, may I refer to the position of Dorset, at present seemingly threatened with two different and unsatisfactory grouping schemes; while Cornwall, Devon, Dorset and Somerset would make a compact and homogeneous group, with Exeter as a convenient centre.

But as Mr. Geoffrey Clark's recent article on Dorset planning is doubtless fresh in the memory of your readers, I need add nothing further, for I heartily agree with what he has set down. For Local Government purposes, however, the area would be found too large for practical purposes.

One further point, if I am not mistaken, in connection with Country Planning, should not be lost sight of. Planning authorities deal with sites; but do they pay attention to architectural design, an equally important feature, and are they fitted to do so? Might not the Fine Arts Commission think fit to set up small county panels to work with them; and these could report to London if any atrocity or building out of keeping with its surroundings seemed likely to mature. I confess that the designs published by the Government for the 3,000 new cottages fill me with much distrust. Flat roofs are excellent in Damascus, but are in every way unsuited to rural England.—ILCHESTER, *Melbury, Dorset.*

## MEMORIALS OF THIS WAR

SIR,—Round the base of the famous old yew tree in Darley Dale churchyard, Derbyshire, simple stones have been erected to commemorate great events of the war. Besides those shown in my photograph are Narvik, Jervis Bay and Calais.

They are made of local stone from the Stancliffe quarries.—F. R., *Derby.*

## THE PACE EGG

SIR,—Some five miles or so to the west of Halifax, at the little village of Midgley, there is performed each year at Easter a mummers' play known as the *Pace Egg*, the name "Pace" being a corruption of "Pasch" meaning Easter.

Nobody knows when the first performance in Midgley took place, but it has been well established in the village for over a hundred years, and up to about 1880 the play was given

in many other villages in the West Riding.

Many sets of players performed the play and competition was keen to get around first for the purpose of getting the best collection. Latterly, however, the play has been performed by one set only, largely by the same players, year after year, who became known in the village by the names of the characters they played.

Eight players and a bugler take part and their costumes, unchanged through many decades, are very picturesque. Five are dressed alike, wearing a scarlet tunic decorated back and front with paper rosettes, their trousers having stripes down the seams. Helmets of cardboard are worn made as follows: a base of about 12 to 18 ins. square has a rim

stitched beneath to hold on to the head, while arches rise from opposite corners and cross, coloured paper decorating the whole, and coloured paper streamers hanging from the base-board to the chest. Attached to the arches are small bells which tinkle pleasantly with the slightest motion. A sword, albeit somewhat crudely fashioned, having the hilt decorated with coloured paper, is also carried. Another of the players is similarly attired, except that the trimmings are black and white, and his face is wholly or partially blacked. This player is the Black Prince. The "Doctor" is dressed in frock-coat, and striped or check trousers, and top-hat with, sometimes, paper streamers. An ostentatiously carried bottle is supposed to work magic cures. Toss Pot is an awkwardly dressed player. His clothes are ill-fitting and odd, and a long pigtail hangs down from the back of his hat. He carries a basket and frying pan, and an effigy, supposedly of his wife.

Briefly, the play itself concerns the combats between St. George on the one hand and the Slasher, the Black Prince, and Hector, respectively, all of whom are vanquished, on the other hand. The Fool then makes his challenge, and the venue of this combat is being arranged when Toss Pot enters. The contestants are implored to cease their quarrel and peace and quietness proclaimed the best state of affairs. Toss Pot bewails the loss of his wife and sings of his

expectations and qualities. He leaves the ring and collects for charities from the audience while the others sing:

Come, search up your money,  
Be jubilant and free,  
And give us your Pace Egg  
For Easter Monday.

Go down in your cellars,  
And see what you'll find,  
If your barrels be empty  
I hope you'll provide.

I hope you'll provide  
Sweet eggs and strong beer,  
And we'll come no more to you  
Until the next year.

These times they are hard  
And money is scant,  
One Pace Egg of yours  
Is all that we want.



## THE PACE EGGERS' COMBAT

See letter "The Pace Egg"

And if you will grant us  
This little small thing,  
We'll all charm our voices  
And merry we'll sing.

Just look at St. George,  
So brisk and so bold,  
While in his right hand  
A sword he doth hold.

A star on his breast,  
Like silver doth shine;  
I hope you'll remember  
It's Pace Egging time.

I am indebted for many of these facts to a booklet prepared by H. W. Harwood and F. H. Marsden; the photographs I took at the performance on Easter Monday last year.—E. R. J., *Halifax.*

## THE PEREGRINE'S STRIKE

SIR,—How do falcons—as distinct from the short-winged hawks, which bind to their quarry—strike their prey, i.e., with beak, breast-bone, wing, talons, or rigid feet? During my service in India I have on three separate occasions picked up game-birds immediately after they had been struck by a falcon. One was a teal, the other two being chakor, the well-known hill partridge of India, practically identical with the French partridge of the Eastern counties of England.

Although each occasion was separated by years, the similar appearance of the victims when picked up while still warm remains clearly in my memory, and was most remarkable. Not one of the three was flying at all high when struck, but each when picked up was stone dead. There was no sign of blood or laceration in any form. But on each bird there was a bare patch about the size of half-a-crown, or perhaps less in the centre of the back, rather high up as memory serves, about where the wing-bones join the body. The skin on this patch may have been slightly torn, but to



## THE DOCTOR CURES A WOUNDED COMBATANT

See letter "The Pace Egg"

the best of my recollection the injury was more in the nature of a bruise. Elsewhere on the bird not a feather appeared to be displaced. Clearly death was due to shock caused by the impact of the falcon flying at tremendous speed.

But what was the *modus operandi* to bring about so clean a kill? Obviously neither beak nor talons had been used, or laceration of the flesh with certainly some oozing of blood would have resulted. The wing theory seems untenable. Damage to, if not dislocation of, the falcon's wing would inevitably result from striking at great speed even so light a bird, comparatively speaking, as a grouse or partridge.

If the breast-bone alone were used a falcon would soon cease to have any feathers on its breast. Moreover, analogy would lead one to suppose that in the course of centuries everyone of the larger species of falcon, the peregrine for instance, would have a callosity on its breast-bone, such as a goat or camel has on its knees.

There remain the feet; and if these were held rigid close up against the

at the moment of impact practically impossible. Such, at least, has been the experience of the writer.—G. P. EVANS (Lieut.-Col.), *Derrylovan, Cookstown, Co. Tyrone.*

[At one time and another there has been much argument as to the precise manner in which a peregrine strikes its quarry, but the majority of falconers and ornithologists are now agreed that the knock-out blow is delivered with the "clenched fist," that is to say, the foot is brought forward as the peregrine stoops, when the clasped talons, especially the big talon of the hind toe, form a steel-like ridge or keel, with which a heavy blow is administered, instantly stunning the victim.—Ed.]

### FARM WORKERS' COTTAGES

SIR,—All there is the matter with the flat-roofed agricultural cottages is that the blighters who designed them have apparently had a dose of Modernism and think that if a thing is really hideous it must be modern. Hence the idiotic leaving-out of the vertical bars to windows. I have set them out on the enclosed, in what I think you christened the Georgian idiom. It is really only a question of proportions. All I have done is to put a parapet to set the windows in the right places, and to stick an oval on which might be a window or a name-plate.

The total cost would be £3 per cottage, 30s. of which might be saved by giving the roofs a 3-ft. rise and ridge.

I assume that some sort of light concrete joist is to be used in place of timber.

I enclose my card, but had better subscribe myself—ARCHITECT, *Surrey.*

### FINE MISERICORDS

SIR,—The beautiful misericords in Malvern Priory Church are a grand collection showing many subjects.

On one we see a typical farm worker busy with his broad-bladed scythe; his long hair and smock indicate the fashions at this period.

In the other photograph he has done his day's work and is on his way to meet someone—perhaps his best girl! He now wears a different kind of smock with huge buttons. With a bunch of flowers in his left hand and a basket filled to the brim on his right arm he certainly is stepping out.

These carvings are the work of artists of the fifteenth century.—J. D. R., *Darlington.*

### CARLINGS

SIR,—In my home near Newcastle-upon-Tyne I remember from my earliest youth having carling peas on the Sunday before Palm Sunday. Any Northumbrian cook would procure them and send them up as a matter of course.

One legend I remember being told was that a ship-load coming in when Newcastle was besieged had enabled the town to hold out, and had saved the population. I also recollect a rhyme meant to show the Sundays in Lent. It ran:—

Tid, Mid, Miseric,  
Carling, Palm, and Pace-egg Day.

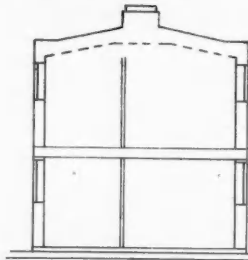
I quote the rhyme as I heard it, but there ought of course to be another Sunday, as Easter is included. Perhaps one of your readers may be able to supply an amended version.—

ETHEL COCHRANE, *Batheaston, Somerset.*

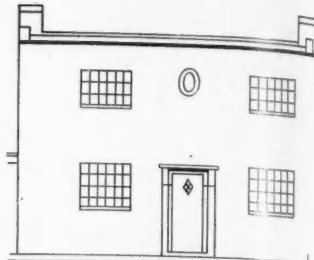
### A RECLAMATION QUESTIONED

SIR,—Though I may be on a bad wicket in criticising a reclamation scheme in my park, I should be much obliged if you will record my protest, as there seems to be no appeal against the decision, however arbitrary, of a War Agricultural Committee.

The Buckinghamshire Committee have taken possession of and are reclaiming some 75 acres of my park, such as it is, and in so doing have



SCALE 1/8" = 1 FOOT



FARM WORKERS' COTTAGES: A SUGGESTED ADJUSTMENT

See letter "Farm Workers' Cottages"

entirely ruined a large part of it as a park.

If there was no alternative, or there was a redundant supply of labour and implements, etc., I should not be writing to you now.

There is, however, an ample supply of land in the neighbourhood where 75 acres could have been properly cultivated with advantage, and I suppose some £1,500-£2,000 saved, or alternatively, a much larger acreage could have been cultivated for the same expenditure and much more food grown for 1943. There may be some explanation, but it is not obvious to me.—JOHN ROBERTS, *Tilehouse, Buckingham.*

### CORMORANTS ON THE AVON

SIR,—The appearance of a single cormorant or perhaps even two or three in this district during winter is not unusual, but this year, with a friend, I distinctly saw and counted no fewer than 33 (including some shags) perched on a tree by the side of the Avon near Charlton All Saints. The visitation by so many in an unusually mild winter is curious and it would be interesting to know if other inland districts have experienced the same and what is the cause.

Two theories suggest themselves: (a) Disturbance on the coast by gun practice (if this is the case one would expect other sea birds beside cormorants and shags to be similarly affected); (b) the severe south-westerly gales that occurred last month may have driven them inland, and having discovered in inland waters a plentiful supply of food, they may have been encouraged to remain.

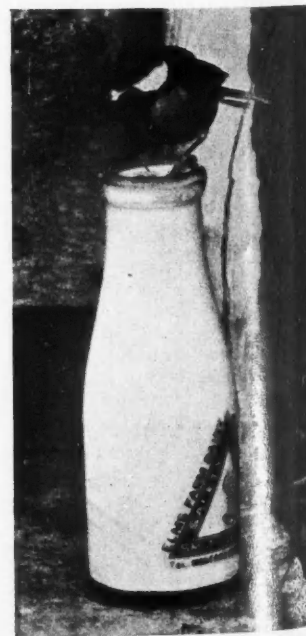
By this time their numbers have been reduced and they have retreated a little farther south, but many still remain on the river and seem to be in no hurry to return to their normal haunts.—W. A. CHAPLIN, *Salisbury.*

[This visitation of cormorants is interesting, particularly when we remember that the cormorant formerly haunted many of our lakes and rivers, living and breeding upon them. No doubt it would do so again were it not for fishing interests, which cannot tolerate such a voracious poacher.—Ed.]

### OPENING MILK BOTTLES

SIR,—The enclosed photograph will probably interest many people who have found that the lids of their milk bottles have been pecked about or removed.

I watched this great tit hammer out the centre piece of a cap in the space of a few seconds, and then help himself. The photograph shows him with some cream on his beak.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT  
See letter "Opening Milk Bottles"



A 15th-CENTURY VERSION OF THE FARMER'S BOY IN HIS SUNDAY BEST AND AT WORK

See letter "Fine Misericords"

body at the moment of striking, it seems justifiable to suppose that a clean kill would ensue without damage to the assailant. We have an analogy in the rigid paw of the lion, often made use of to strike down the smaller antelopes, and again in the rigid paw of the cheetah, which, striking the haunch of its victim while both are at full speed, overturns the buck, into whose throat the fangs of its pursuer are fastened the next moment.

It may well be that except when a falcon's feet are contracted as when standing on a perch, or when clutching its prey, the talons would have little penetrating or lacerating power, and the whole weight of the body behind the closely-held and rigid feet, combined with the tremendous velocity of the stoop, would suffice to cause instant death by shock alone.

It would be interesting to know the views of falconers, or of any of your readers who may have been close enough to see the manner of attack, but this is carried out at such lightning speed as to render detailed observation



# CYCLISTS!

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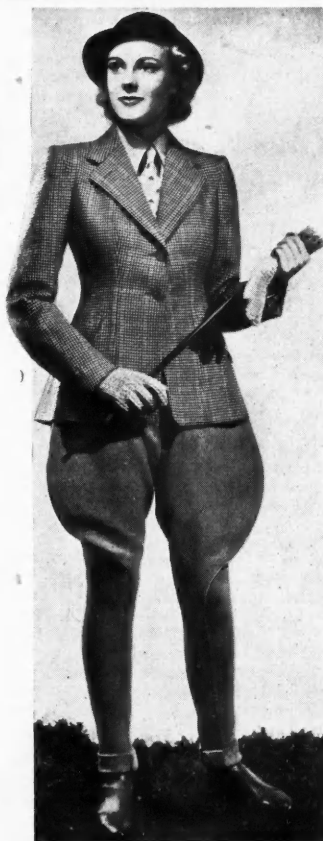
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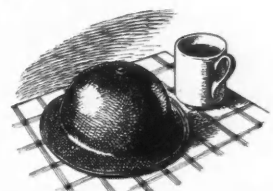
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Llandrindod Wells, Grantham.

## This heroism



She is a native of a coast town that is by no means noted for the quietness of its nights or for the serenity of its days. But that smile is not easily extinguished!

We can't all be canteen workers. But we *can* all bring something of this cheerful gallantry to our own daily tasks, whatever they may be. This is the spirit that makes Victory inevitable. Let us show it always, but especially when it is most difficult! So that in the time to come, the whole world will reflect: "*But for their contempt of danger and their cheerfulness . . . ?*"



**The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry**

## Will you please help to "Feed the Pigs"

*Dearly beloved brethren, is it not a sin,  
When ye peel potatoes, to throw away the skin,  
The skins feed the pigs, and the pigs feed we,  
Dearly beloved brethren, what think ye?*

AN OLD DEVONSHIRE RHYME.

Are you saving all *your* kitchen waste such as potato or other vegetable peelings, outside cabbage leaves, pea and bean pods, bacon rinds, etc., in fact any "scraps" which cannot be used in your own household? Do not throw them in with your ashes. The pigs need them and every bit you can save is a help to the National Food Effort.

When you have saved them be sure that they are properly utilized. See that your local authorities organize efficient collection and disposal to pig or poultry keepers. If you live in a village or in the country where no collection is possible, organize a local pig club.



This appeal is inserted by Whiteways Cyder Co., Ltd., who have regularly fed kitchen waste to their herd of over a thousand pigs kept in their Cyder apple orchards. Their Managing Director, Mr. Ronald Whiteway, J.P., of Whimble, Devon, is Chairman of the Kitchen Waste Sub-Committee of the Devon County War Agricultural Committee and will be pleased to answer any questions from householders, local authorities or pig keepers.

CVS-74

## FARMING NOTES

# THE FARMING PICTURE IN THE EAST MIDLANDS

**M**AJOR R. G. PROBY gave the Royal Society of Arts a very good picture of the land reclamation which has been going on in the East Midland counties that he knows well. He is the Minister's Liaison Officer for Huntingdonshire, his own county, and he has first-hand knowledge of the valley of the Trent on the borders of Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire, and also of the East Anglian heaths. These districts afford examples of the heavy clay, the poor fen, and the blow-away sand which all presented problems to the War Agricultural Committees at the beginning of the war. It was not altogether a matter of waste of land, but also the discouraging effect on neighbouring farmers. When a man is doing his best with his own land or is told by the Committee that he must do better, it is difficult to justify the existence near by of areas of scrub which are producing no food, and which are a breeding ground for rabbits. It also suited the Committees to tackle some of this land because the reclamation fitted in well with the contract cultivations they do for farmers at the busy seasons of the year.

**A** CONVENIENTLY placed reclamation scheme can be made to act as a reservoir into which at slack moments the committee's labour and machinery can be poured; and out of which at busy seasons it can be drawn to help the general agricultural effort of the country. One criticism levelled against certain committees is that they have boosted reclamation at the expense of the more humdrum, but equally vital, duty of grading-up the general level of efficiency of existing occupiers. Major Proby, as the chairman of the Huntingdonshire Committee, does not think that they need have the least cause for regret. But he does think that in the final phase of the war when labour, fertilisers and machinery will be in increasingly short supply, it will be unwise to embark upon fresh, ambitious schemes without considering very carefully the question of ways and means. Most practical men will endorse this. Individual farmers and committees have a great deal on their plates to-day. All our resources are committed pretty well up to the hilt in farming the land we have, without tackling further areas that will call for laborious clearance work before they can be got fit for cropping.

**M**OST of the heavy Huntingdonshire clay, of which Major Proby spoke, is boulder clay. It generally has enough lime and potash: phosphates are lacking and so often is nitrogen. Such natural deficiencies in plant food can be overcome to some extent by timing the reclamation for the best weather conditions. In the long summer days the land receives what is virtually a bare fallow. Nitrogen is accumulated and wireworms are weakened. The best first crop is often winter beans. It is proof against wireworm and its roots accumulate nitrogen. It does, of course, need phosphate. Flax has also been tried and gives fair results. Then a wheat crop follows and barley, followed by seeds, after which the land falls naturally into four or five course shift customary on heavy clays. Major Proby spoke of the crop yields obtained in Huntingdonshire, where the Committee has now taken possession of over 7,000 acres, of which 5,750 acres will come in for the 1943 harvest and an additional 750 acres will be devoted to hay and clovers. The dense bush of the county has

virtually ceased to exist. What is more important, yields so far have been good. The common yield of wheat has been 11 sacks running up to 16 sacks.

**L**OOKING to the future, Major Proby asked whether the inevitable recession of farm prices after the war would involve the abandonment of these reclaimed lands. He was glad that he said "recession" and not "collapse," because we all hope and believe that the collapses that overwhelmed British agriculture after past wars can be avoided. Major Proby has hopes that the heavy soils will continue to grow food for the country. The problem all along has been drainage, and if this is maintained and modern machinery supplied, the cultivation of such land should be economical if a reasonable level of prices for wheat and the other main crops is assured. One reason for the abandonment of such land in the past has been its remoteness from centres of population, and the absence of equipment and modern amenities. In some areas new farm-houses and buildings will have to be provided and cottages and, no less important, the water pipe and the electric cable will be needed.

**S**OME of my East Anglian friends have been telling me that at last they have got the right conditions for sowing their spring crops in a reasonably good seed bed. Their heavy land baked hard and would not break down into a reasonable tilth until the rain of the last few days of March. That gave just the conditions they needed to make a tilth. In the southern counties on the lighter lands spring work was finished in extraordinarily good time considering all the extra acreage that had to be planted with oats, barley and flax. Farmers were able to start working their potato ground in good time and planting is well forward. In my district many hoped that they might be relieved of growing all the potatoes that they did in 1942. They were quite prepared to grow more barley and this they have done, but potatoes give them a headache. I know some pleaded with the War Agricultural Committee to be let off potato-growing, but the rule has been that everyone should undertake a share of what has to be grown. Lord Woolton regards the potato crop as his great standby if wheat imports have to be cut further. He wants all the potatoes he can get for next winter. Already the consumption of potatoes must have increased considerably, thanks to the effective propaganda which has been done. Farmers are not likely to be left with much of the old crop on their hands before the new crop is lifted.

**T**HERE seems to be no lack of grass and clover seeds this spring. The merchants have been doing an enormous trade and there seems every likelihood that the acreage of leys will be considerably increased. The Committees are keeping a watch on the leys left down for more than one year and advising farmers that they must get permission to sow medium or long-term leys. Otherwise they may get a shock and be told that a young ley must come up after one year in order to provide the tillage acreage expected. As the demands of war-time cropping develop it is becoming more and more difficult to find all the land needed for the priority crops. The only solution, I feel, is for the Committee to visit each farm early in the summer and decide with the farmer just how he will crop his land for the succeeding season.

CINCINNATI.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

ANOTHER PURCHASE BY  
OXFORD UNIVERSITY

A TRANSACTION of considerable significance is announced, namely, the purchase of a Somerset estate by the Oxford University Chest. It is a stimulating example to all classes of investors, especially corporations of various kinds.

The announcement runs as follows: Captain J. W. W. Bridges has sold his estate on Hall estate of 550 acres, near Blandford, through the agency of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, the Oxford University Chest, to Messrs. Warming and Co., Ltd., Croydon Hall Estate, which includes the Hall, five farms, woodland, and a number of cottages, lies on the east side of Exmoor, overlooking Brendon and Quantock Hills, about six miles south-west of Minehead. The estate marches with the western boundary of Dunster Castle estate and is bounded to Dunster. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley were to have sold the estate for sale by auction, but on the opening up of negotiations with the University Chest.

No doubt the report of this sale will mean disappointment to many would-be competitors for the whole or part of the property. To them it can only be said that they must watch for further notifications of auctions, and that in the meantime there are private offers of property that might suit them. Still it is the chance of open bidding that so many people prefer, and especially the possibility of acquiring something they know in their own district.

## MILTON ABBEY: FINAL OFFERS

THERE will be 92 lots in the auction, on April 29, at Bournemouth, by Messrs. Fox and Sons, of the remaining parts of the Milton Abbey estate. The title to the properties will begin with various conveyances that were executed by the Hambro family (Dorset Estates, Limited). There will be, in the particulars, five farms, seven small holdings, some plantations, and many cottages, including most of the village of Milton Abbas. The late Sir Frederick Treves wrote of Milton Abbas: "The first impression is one of amazement, for the place is both extraordinary and unexpected. Indeed there is nothing like it in any other part of England. On either side of the long straight street are mathematically placed cottages all exactly alike. Twenty on one side face twenty on the other. The space between any two adjacent houses is the same, and in every space is a fine chestnut tree. The cottages are square, have yellow walls, thatched roofs, and an arrangement of windows characteristic of the common doll's house. Between the rows of dwellings and the road is a lawn-like stretch of grass. . . . It is impossible to get rid of the idea that this is a toy town, a make-believe village, a counterpart of the Hameau at Versailles. The visitor may begin by regarding the strange yellow and green street as ridiculous; he will end by owning that it is possessed of a rare charm. Milton Abbas is a model village grown old. Its story is very simple. When Joseph Damer, afterwards Earl of Dorchester, became possessed of the Milton estates, he found that ancient village squatted indecently near the spot where he intended to build his mansion. With the fine quarter-deck high-handedness of the 18th-century squire, he ordered the offensive object to be removed and it was so. The old untidy hamlet was entirely demolished as

soon as the new Milton Abbas had been erected well out of sight of the great house." Some of the cottages have been in occupation by the present tenants for a long period, and at merely nominal rents. The record of transactions in the Milton Abbey break-up sales goes back at least 11 years, Messrs. Fox and Sons having held an important auction at Blandford in 1932, when the chief of 283 lots (the mansion, church and 666 acres) was stated to have been sold, to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, on the eve of the auction. The freeholds to be sold on April 29 are in Winterborne Houghton and Winterborne Stickland, a couple of miles from Blandford.

## THE BRINE BATHS AT DROITWICH

THE directors of Droitwich Spa, Limited, have had a consultation with representatives of the Borough Council of Droitwich, with a view to settling the future of the Spa. The negotiations have ended in the refusal of the local authority to proceed with the purchase of the property at the price asked. It is understood that the Company named £200,000 (subject to certain conditions protecting the interests of the vendors) for St. Andrew's Brine Baths, the Winter Gardens, shops and offices adjacent to the baths, a couple of brine pits, the brine rights, the old cricket field close to the baths, and other premises and land. Emphasis was laid in the negotiations on the expediency of the acquisition by the local authority of the baths and the brine rights. James I granted a charter to the inhabitants of Droitwich of an exclusive right to sink for brine in the borough, but this privilege seems to have been lost in litigation in 1690. The value of the brine at Droitwich has long been known, and there was a reference to it in *Domesday*. Its curative properties draw a steady stream of visitors to the town.

## COMING AUCTION OF FURNITURE

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE'S executors have asked Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to hold an auction next month at No. 43, Charles Street, Mayfair, of the contents of the mansion. Included will be specimens of the English 17th- and 18th-century periods, and examples of Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Chippendale. Louis XV and XVI signed commodes and writing-tables, and a collection of fine Persian carpets and rugs are included, also curtains in choice fabrics, English and Continental porcelain, mezzotint engravings, paintings and drawings, and silver and plate. The position of dealers in furniture is daily becoming more difficult, owing to the demand absorbing all their available stocks, and competition for every type of furniture, as well as for plate and linen, is keener than ever. One of the leading makers of good modern furniture lately showed the writer an almost empty warehouse, adjacent to his works. Asked the price of two or three pieces, he said: "They were £40 apiece, but I have just refused £75 for each of them." He added that, as he had made two or three of the pieces with his own hands when he began business half a century ago, no price would now tempt him to part with them. The new "Utility" furniture seems to have done nothing to ease the position in the auction rooms, however it may serve some buyers' requirements.

ARBITER.

## SPRING SPRAYING OF FRUIT TREES

By J. TURNBULL, Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries

BY the time that attacks of insect pests and diseases become obvious to the uninitiated, most of the damage has been done. These troubles do not arrive suddenly in quantity, but work up from very small beginnings. The only way to deal with them is to spray before they develop. The best guide as to what to expect is what happened in the past. Failing that, it must suffice to spray only for those of common occurrence.

The commonest insect pests are caterpillars, aphids (greenfly), red spider and apple sucker. Most of these pass the winter as eggs on the bark of the tree. Winter washing should have wiped out all aphids and apple sucker and a high proportion of caterpillars and red spider. It is only the last two that may need further attention. Of the diseases, only scab (black spot) is probable, and that occurs on apples and pears.

Caterpillars do more harm than all other pests and diseases put together. If they have not been stopped by sticky banding in the autumn or by winter washing, they hatch out about the time the buds burst. Very soon they commence to feed on the developing leaves, even though they are so small as to be almost invisible. That is the easiest time to kill them by spraying. Arsenate of lead, used at the strength recommended by the makers and sprayed on so as to cover every particle of green with a thin film of poison is most effective. Unfortunately, it is also poisonous to human beings and animals, and must not be allowed to fall on anything likely to be eaten. If it is not safe to use it for this reason, then one of the derris preparations must be used. This is not poisonous. It must be sprayed on more heavily than arsenate.

Scab on apples or pears can be prevented by spraying lime-sulphur on to all growing parts, so that the floating spores which carry the infection are killed immediately they arrive. Normally one or two sprayings will suffice. The first should be given when the green cluster of flower buds can be seen and the second before the blossoms open. If only one spray is given, it should be applied as soon as the buds show some pink, if apples, or white, if pears. Lime-sulphur must not be used at greater strengths than those recommended by the makers. If it is, it may cause the fruit and foliage of some varieties to fall off, especially when used after petal fall.

Spraying with a hand pump is hard work, but it can be made very much easier than it usually is. The pump works most easily if it is always kept scrupulously clean, and oil is applied plentifully to all moving parts. Taps and nozzles should be kept in paraffin when not in use. The angle of the spray when it leaves the nozzle is usually set too wide so that the spray is blown hither and thither. If there is an adjustment, it should be set so that the spray emerges at an angle of 25 or 30 degrees. It saves much time to use the largest possible outlet hole in the nozzle. If it is too large, it will be found impossible to keep the pump going fast enough to supply it.

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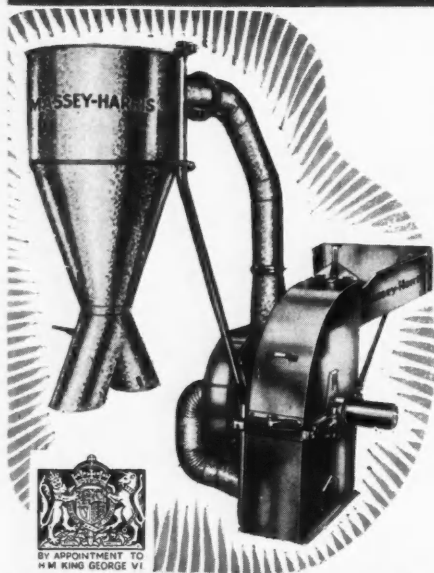
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He loves to prowl around on polished counters and hear the cash registers knocking up the pounds, shillings and pence spent on things you can do without. 'Nice work,' he chuckles, 'doesn't help the war effort a bit!' Be on your guard against this little fifth-columnist. Put your spare cash into Savings Certificates where it's safe until you need it. Make your money fight for Britain!

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ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

## NEW BOOKS

# WHY HARDY WAS A PESSIMIST

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

**L**ORD DAVID CECIL has published in book form, under the title *Hardy the Novelist* (Constable, 7s. 6d.), a series of lectures which he delivered at Cambridge. Taking the book by and large, it is an excellent presentation of its subject, and it has the virtue of charity. Hardy had an extraordinarily childlike mind; more than any of our great novelists, he should be approached with sympathy and tenderness, for he was not only a child but a hurt, sad child. Lord David Cecil seems to have realised this, and in the main his interpretation of Hardy's work as a novelist is made in the light of this fact; but there are two points in the book about which I should like to say a word.

### A GAY YOUNGSTER

Hardy was brought up in the traditional fashion of the English countryside before Darwin's views had challenged the religious basis of belief and industrialism had wrought its worst havoc. He was, as the author points out, a gay youngster, a dancer and fiddler. "Hardy's pessimism did not spring from a low-spirited temperament."

Let us imagine two children brought up together. Each of them is led to believe that somewhere he has a father whom he will some day meet. This father is all that is gracious and loving; his dwelling-place is light and joy; and he is powerful, too. Not only does he live in justice but he is strong enough to see that justice shall everywhere prevail.

One day the two children make the discovery that they have been deceived: there is no such person as this father, no such place as his mansion, no such guarantee of a world informed by his justice. One of them, after a struggle painful enough, accepts the fact with more or less philosophy, and decides that in his own strength there is a good deal that can be done. He can throw himself into Good Works, teach in ragged schools and found adult classes. *Robert Elsmere* is the novel that sums up and celebrates this attitude.

Now the second child, who is Thomas Hardy, couldn't do this. The shock to his sensibility was so great that he could not accept Nothing; and therefore he filled the void with figures whose horror is the direct reflection of the beauty they had replaced. The father becomes a sadistic torturer; his beautiful home is a gaoler's lodge; his vaunted justice is sport with men. I feel that Lord David Cecil has not sufficiently stressed this fact: that all these things sprang out of Hardy's mind. If Darwinism was true in its

interpretation of human life, it left a void. It didn't postulate malignity. All that was the bad dream of the child, hurt and fevered by a terrible blow. But a good child. The author does well to point out that "Hardy excelled at drawing good people." It is significant. And it is true that "though he could not honestly accept the supernatural sanctions of Christian morality" he found "an indisputable sanction in the voice of his higher self. The Christian virtues—fidelity, compassion, humility—were the most beautiful to him."

To us, now, it may seem a little strange that Darwin's book should do these things to the minds of men. That old wound has healed over and aches a little only when the wind is in the north-east; but we shall never understand Hardy, or Robert Elsmere for that matter, unless we also understand what it meant when a faith that had been the basis of both social and personal life, without question for two thousand years, was on a sudden damagingly challenged.

### HARDY AND SCOTT

On my second point I shall not say much, except that I feel Lord David Cecil over-stresses any similarity there may be between Hardy's work and Sir Walter Scott's. I must refer you to the book itself for the passages in which the comparison is made, and content myself with saying that any similarity there may be is external, concerned only with apparatus and paraphernalia, not with the spiritual and emotional basis of the work. Far truer is the author's Shakespearean comparison. "The spectacle of the universe, as conceived by rationalist science, is presented to us for once through the eyes of an intense poetic vision. Hardy's sad latter-day wisdom incarnates itself in tales that have the breadth, the soaring fancy, the zestful, crowding fecundity of invention, which is generally found only in the morning of literature. He may be the latest of his race, but he is not the least. We take our farewell gaze at the England of Shakespeare through the eyes of one who, in spite of all his imperfections, is the last English writer to be built on the grand Shakespearean scale."

This is true, except that I protest again against the notion that Hardy gave us "the spectacle of the universe, as conceived by rationalist science." What we have is the spectacle of the universe as conceived by those ideas which Hardy himself created to fill the void which rationalist science had left.

What I have had to say about *Robert Elsmere* brings me to *The Literature*

### HARDY THE NOVELIST

By Lord David Cecil  
(Constable, 7s. 6d.)

### THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND: A.D. 500

By TO 1942  
William J. Entwistle  
and Eric Gillett  
(Longmans, 7s. 6d.)

### A SONG FOR THE ANGELS

By F. L. Green  
(Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.)

### ENGLAND FOR SALE

By Jane Lane  
(Dakers, 9s. 6d.)

### REPRISAL

By Ethel Vance  
(Collins, 8s. 6d.)



of England: A.D. 500 to 1942, by William J. Entwistle and Eric Gillett (Longmans, 7s. 6d.). Anyone who embarks on the monstrous task of surveying so vast a field in 282 pages is looking for trouble; and the wonder is that Messrs. Entwistle and Gillett have not fallen into more trouble than is apparent. The book is curious, both in its inclusions and exclusions (there is no mention of Mrs. Humphry Ward), in its stresses and elisions.

#### MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

I have not mentioned the name of Mrs. Humphry Ward because I think she was a great novelist. I don't; though she did write one highly significant book. I mention her because she is symptomatic of all those novelists who were at the top of the tree when I was young, and there were some who hung over from a preceding generation. I made a list of some of these people: Whyte Melville, H. G. Wells, John Oliver Hobbes, Arnold Zangwill, Stanley Weyman, John Merriman. Not one is in the book. Nor for that matter is Surtees. Now these are not writers of the first importance, and no one would be surprised to see them scrapped. I was not for the curious fact that these authors of the same class who are living to-day (and many who are nothing like so good) are generously included.

Here I am on delicate ground and had better abstain from making lists; but I do say that an incredible number of contemporary writers who have nothing whatever to do with "literature," are here recorded. Strangely enough, one old name that echoes out of my youth is here: Selah MacNaughten; and I cannot help wondering what gives her pre-eminence over so many women who were her contemporaries: Una Silberrad, Beatrice Harraden, Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, Rhoda Broughton, or even Helen Mathers.

#### HUGH WALPOLE

As for stress, I am perplexed to understand why Sir Hugh Walpole gets as much space as Dickens, more than Trollope, more than all the Brontës put together. I feel too that writers are sometimes mentioned for the wrong thing. James Joyce's *Dubliners*, which has a chance of survival, is not mentioned unless it is the "volume of sketches" anonymously spoken of. Mr. D. B. W. Lewis is commemorated for his witty topicalities which will have no meaning to-morrow; but his magnificent book on Villon, which will have meaning for ever, is not referred to.

The book is intended, I understand, primarily for readers abroad; and this explains to some extent why the ephemera of yesterday have been weeded out and so many of the ephemera of to-day are included. Those who have stood the test of time and those who are still producing something, no matter what, have monopolised the writer's attention. Still, I cannot help feeling that the balance between the second-best of the last generation and the third-best of this could have been more subtly adjusted.

There are three novels I should like to refer to this week. First Mr. F. L. Green's *A Song for the Angels* (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.). Mr. Green has always had a tendency to make his novels symbolic. His main characters are conceived as the embodiments of given qualities. In the present novel this is more so than ever.

Mr. Green is exercised by the problem of Good and Evil, War and

Peace; and this book is a philosophical examination of some ideas about these things. We are introduced to a town in a small European state which is awaiting the Nazi attack. Hartrigg, the President of the Borough Council, believes that peace can be secured by an appeal to the enemy; and when this fails, he counsels conquest by non-resistance and non-co-operation. He is a European Gandhi. John Wimbushe, the Principal of the Borough Council, is the exponent of resistance by force; and the course of the novel is, essentially, the working out of these two notions in practice. Eventually, both Wimbushe and Hartrigg face a Nazi firing squad.

#### NAZI TRIUMPH

But, the Nazis physically triumphant for the moment, where do we stand? "They are human, with the same faults, the same emotions as our own people. But they have this false estimate of themselves which leads them out to kill or to be killed in a process whereby they hope to extort from us an acknowledgment of their prowess. We must never give them that echo. And we must remember this: that unless they find it, they die."

Mr. Green works out his plot with great dialectical skill and plenty of vigorous action; but his characters are lacking in the stuff of authentic humanity.

*England for Sale*, by Jane Lane (Dakers, 9s. 6d.) is by the author of the historical work *King James the Last*, in which, though professing to give only an impartial view of events, she sturdily ranged herself on the side of royal prerogative in its fullest sense. There has been, to Miss Lane, no king, as she understands kings, since James the Second.

The present novel is concerned with the same theme. The "jacket" of the book pictures a balance with the orb and sceptre in one scale and a money-bag in the other. The money-bag belonged to William of Orange, and Miss Lane's novel advances the theory that nothing but treachery and greed caused the English people to wish to see the end of the Stuarts. She makes out of it a lively and readable novel, and her erudition permits her to give us a colourful and convincing picture of the times.

#### TRUE SIGNIFICANCE

*Reprisal*, by Ethel Vance (Collins, 8s. 6d.), is an exciting tale of the Nazi occupation of Brittany, and exciting not only in its outward event, for here is an author who knows that the significant and determining happenings are those that take place first in the heart. Miss Vance considers the case of the murder of a Nazi soldier, the seizure of hostages, and the threat that they will be shot if the murderer is not produced. The emotional effect of this on all the people in the village, and especially on the members of a politician's family, is examined in a book that deserves high praise. Here—as is not the case in Mr. F. L. Green's book—problem and character are beautifully fused.

#### PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

ONE cannot make a statue of this man;

He stays too much alive to stand in stone.

Paint him in words or colour if you can,

But leave a colder medium alone.

F. KEELING SCOTT.



"FOR WANT of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost; and for want of a rider the battle was lost" . . . So do great issues hang on trifles often unconsidered—things no bigger, it may be, than a sparking plug. Today, the smooth efficient functioning of a wide web of all-important transport may well depend upon the good service we build our plugs to give.

## AC-SPHINX SPARKING PLUGS

"WHY ARE YOU WAITING HERE, OLD BOY?"



"THE BOSS  
IS GETTING MY 'CHAPPIE' RATION!"

No dog minds waiting for Master if it means getting his fair share of the limited supplies of "Chappie" available. Unfortunately "Chappie" must be restricted to old customers until the end of the war.

Vets and breeders agree that "Chappie" is the complete,

scientifically-balanced all-round diet for dogs. And, if dogs could talk, the lucky ones would probably say to the others: "Sorry fellers, that there's not enough 'Chappie' for all of us these days; but, when the war is over, bark for your 'Chappie' every day!"

SAVE BONES FOR SALVAGE  
BONES—even those your dog has done with—are vital to the war effort. Salvage every scrap and put out for collection.

In air-tight jars, rod.

"CHAPPIE"



DOG  
FOOD



For the spring wedding—Bolero and dress in moss crepe with a tucked waist-band, beige, mist blue, dusty pink. An off-the face black felt. Marshall and Snelgrove

## QUIET WEDDING

**W**AR brides choose a pastel *ensemble* seven times out of ten, generally monotone and generally blue. Jackets and boleros and a dress that matches are the favourite style; long cloth coats and matching dresses next in favour. The traditional white wedding dress, certainly in favour more than a year ago, can still only be called a runner-up. Suits, also, rank well below the *ensemble*, suits in grey and navy. Satin and lace are the popular choice for the bride in white, made on classic flowing lines with gauged bodice. Topknots or flowers replace the flower halo more often than not. They fit in with the upward movement of the *coiffures*.

Jackets and dresses keep to the moulded line prevalent in all the summer clothes, with waist and hip yokes to the dresses and gathered details on the bodices. The jacket is usually collarless with a few tucks or gathers somewhere on the yoke and often exotic buttons—harps, lyres, flower-heads, plaster casts, gold metal pansies, flat discs with a posy in the centre like a Victorian brooch—that fasten it to the waist. Misty shades of blue are the most popular, with beige and grey next. There are excellent rayon moss crêpes for these *ensembles* and masses of charming prints for the guests. Jacquard are showing the last of the French silks and a collection of English rayons. Designs are animated, small scenes and conversation pieces in brilliantly mixed colours; and there are also any number of tailored patterns in two colours



3



1



2

PHOTOGRAPHS  
DENES

1 White panama with a navy fringed snood that hides the hair. Gorrings.

2 Sailor in biscuit-coloured straw with straw quill. Marshall and Snelgrove.

3 Fancy straw with blue gros-grain ribbon. Mac 10.





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—small brilliant animal motifs on dark grounds, white naval emblems, anchors, sails, rope-ends, etc., for a navy and white one, and a white daisy print on navy with hand-written mottoes in brilliant peacock blue. A navy crêpe printed with tiny bunches of flowers is gay looking; the florals in Gainsborough blues and pastel pinks are softly pretty; the stylised flowers outlined in black on gaudy pink or lemon grounds, very striking.

Jacqmar have stocks still of lace for the bridal frock, coarse white cotton, fragile shell pinks and ivory, with a tracery of sparkling sequins emphasising the pattern. These laces are 36 ins. wide and can be bought without coupons. No more are being manufactured, but there is still considerable choice and they make lovely bridal frocks and evening blouses. Generally some kind friend will oblige with an old evening slip for the foundation. Hartnell is showing a white wedding dress in duchesse satin with a skirt made of horizontal bands slightly gauged and three-quarter gathered sleeves. A print dress in his collection, draped to the centre in front, in the way of the ancient Egyptians, is being copied in white. This has long plain tight sleeves with points slipping over the hands. A navy dress and jacket with a detachable bead collar in chalk white is being copied in all the pastels. There are squares of stitching on the top of both the dress and the collarless jacket.

**PRINT** dresses are made on the same lines as the pastel crêpes, that is, very plainly; their dashing designs and animated colouring make the "austerity" styles the best for them, and they form a very smart contingent. Many patterns are worked into widish stripes. There



Spot shantung gloves from Simpson's will furbish up an old outfit

is an aquamarine crêpe at Marshall and Snelgrove's that is printed with rows of white lace insertion. This has a yoke and the white lace stripes worked horizontally. A white crêpe, patterned with brilliant coloured jockeys and galloping horses, has a double-breasted top with low neckline and squarish revers. Chintz-like flowered marocains are gay as they can be, and need plain dark accessories. There is a very pretty plain navy marocain at Debenham and Freebody's, a tunic dress with a vest and collar of periwinkle blue.

Trousseau always include one new suit or tailored cloth frock. For them, grey suitings and flannels and navy worsteds and herring-bones are tailored with classic simplicity. Jacqmar are having grey suitings woven especially for them, introducing more lively colours in the over-checks, such as chalk blues, cinnamon and yellow, rather than the subdued ones

of the men's ranges. They also have fine shepherd's checked woollens made on the looms used for the tropical-weight suitings, but copied in colour and design from French twill silk. Pure cashmere tweeds are soft as thistle-down, in herring-bone designs, in shades of grey and woody browns. The newest Cumberland homespun, for the bride's going-away top-coat, are in big, bold herring-bones in vivid colours, seaming-wax red or sky blue with mushroom brown.

Most guests will have to go to weddings this summer and spring in their old clothes, smartened up by new hats, gloves, and flower, buttonholes. Constance Spry tells me she is doing a phenomenal business in variegated wedding sprays. She makes them in mixed flowers, all the spring and summer stars—roses, lilies, carnations—mixed with humble garden border ones. Brides mostly go in for tight Victorian posies in mixed flowers, though there are still quite a number of larger lilies-of-the-valley bouquets and even shower bouquets of arums for brides in white. Later on there will be enchanting bouquets from the old-fashioned moss roses.

Among accessories I have noticed and liked for wedding guests who have to wear old dark suits or coats, are a straw sailor at Walpoles', biscuit colour with a flat brim and straight crown, a bright cyclamen pink ribbon, and two carnations of puce and cyclamen poised on the crown. Pale pink panamas at Goringes' are very summery-looking, have dentured oval crowns, and set off a black dress. Tuck two pink malmalsons through the belt and pick up the colour again. There is a good white sailor at Marshall and Snelgrove's, with a crown dentured in two places and held by black bows.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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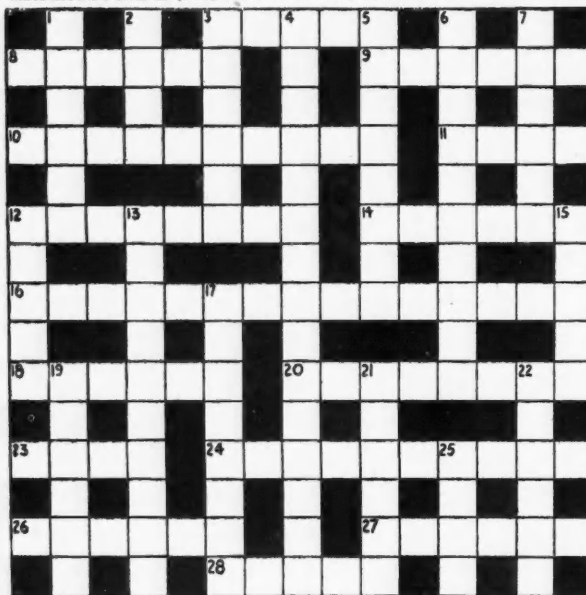


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## CROSSWORD No. 691

A prize of two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 691, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, April 29, 1943.



Name.....

Address.....

**SOLUTION TO No. 690.** The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of April 16, will be announced next week.

**ACROSS.** 1, High tide; 5, Raffia; 9, Trisetum; 10, Curate; 11, Enfeeble; 12, Flakes; 14, Schoolgirl; 18, Broad hints; 22, Indian; 23, Twin boys; 24, Arnica; 25, Anaconda; 26, Emends; 27, Ascended.  
**DOWN.** 1, Hatter; 2, Griets; 3, Thebes; 4, Double chin; 6, Arum lily; 7, Franklin; 8, Aversely; 13, Forty winks; 15, Abdicate; 16, Condense; 17, Advanced; 19, An acre; 20, Joined; 21, Island.

### ACROSS

3. Heads, I lead, father might say! (5)
8. Put a friend on the spot at a royal address (6)
9. Notorious London-York traveller (6)
10. "A long ruin, I!" (anagr.) (10)
11. Young bird of prey (4)
12. Dark horse? He may be, but this is actually a hound of the same complexion! (two words, 5, 3)
14. He follows the flag (6)
16. Ian Hay's was the first (two words, 7, 8)
18. Arthur's destination (6)
20. Exclamation on arriving at an inn with no board? Maybe you merely failed to catch sight of it! (three words, 3, 1, 4)
23. Though badly cast, it still performs (4)
24. 9's Bess was (or should it be mare?) (two words, 5, 5)
26. James to his friends (6)
27. Divine beverage (6)
28. Cleans (5)

### DOWN.

1. Fleshly (6)
2. Absalom fell a 19 to his (4)
3. What young Margaret did to the washing on the line? (6)
4. "Still are thy pleasant voices, ———, awake."—William Cory (two words, 3, 12)
5. No sword dance with this weapon, though one may tilt toes! (8)
6. Liberated ways through the mountains? (two words, 4, 6)
7. Desert feature, though it's not really there! (6)
12. He gets in the constrictor's clutches for tea (5)
13. Very pettable! (10)
15. A sculptor (5)
17. Dignified by a lone bend (8)
19. Young Timothy is post-Victorian in short (6)
21. Signs (6)
22. One does not really turn it on to gossip (two words, 3, 3)
25. Narrator's traditional opening word? (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 389 is

Mr. E. C. Lockyear,  
Montana, Earldom Road,  
Putney, S.W.15.





### "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.."

Poor Humpty Dumpty! He had a shocking tumble. No one was able to "put him together again," and so his life was ruined. There are so many little Humpty Dumpties to-day, boys and girls who have had "falls" right at the beginning of their lives. Some are motherless, others have lost their fathers, either through the war, or other tragic circumstances; all, for one reason or another, have lost their own homes. At the moment there are over 6,000 such children in our care. They are more fortunate than the original Humpty Dumpty though, for we have been able to pick them up and "put them together again." We have given them homes, someone to look after them and love them, who tries to replace the mother, or father, and home background they have lost. It is surprising how quickly little broken bodies

(for some of the children come to us underfed or even crippled and ill) and crushed minds (for others are old enough to have suffered mental cruelty at the hands of undesirable parents) can be "mended" and the children whose lives might, like Humpty's, have been ruined, are patched so that they are as good as new, and there is rarely even a crack to show for past miseries. But they mustn't be allowed to "tumble" again and with your help we will see that every care is taken of them. And with your help we will go to the aid of those many Humpties who, alas, still badly need help. We would pick them up and "put them together again" so that they may grow into useful young citizens, healthy in mind and body.

EASTER GIFTS (however small) gratefully received by the Sec., W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E., Church of England WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY, Evacuation Hqrs., JOEL ST., PINNER, MIDDLESEX.

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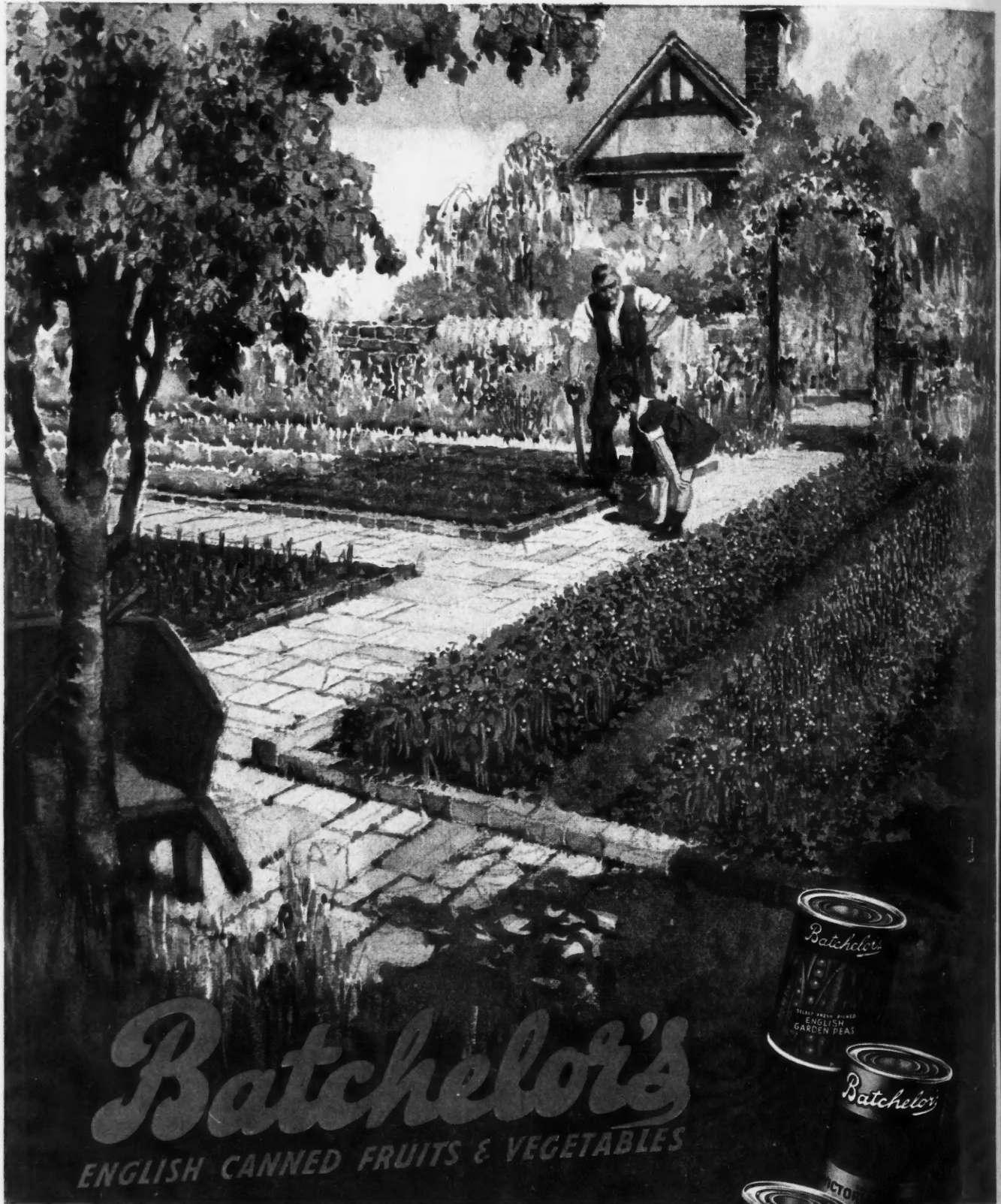
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